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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1933

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Law of Analogy

"EVERYTHING in the Universe follows analogy", said Madame Blavatsky. "'As above, so below.' Man is the microcosm of the Universe. That which takes place on the spiritual plane, repeats itself on the cosmic plane. Concretion follows the lines of abstraction; corresponding to the highest must be the lowest; the material to the spiritual" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 200).

To say that "everything in the Universe follows analogy", is to affirm the uniformity of law in all phases of existence. The human mind has an instinctive faith in the uniformity of natural law. Otherwise it would never draw general conclusions from particular experiences. The scientist continually uses the principle of analogy to guide his experiments and to extend their field. Thus it has become a working hypothesis of modern science, that the atom corresponds to a solar system.

If men were to recognize fully that the principle of analogy is universal in its application, their materialistic presuppositions would disappear, for they would perceive the true sense of Plato's theory that everything existent on earth has its prototype in the heavens. They would not hesitate to accept the fundamental proposition of alchemy and astrology, that the cosmos is most clearly understood, when it is regarded as a living being which reflects something of its life in every atom. The Smaragdine Tablet is an epitome of this doctrine of correspondences: "True, without error, certain and most true; That which is above is as That which is below, and That which is below is as That which is above, for preparing the miracles of the One Thing. And as all things were from One, through the mediation of One, so all things proceeded from this One Thing by Adaptation. . . ."

Like the ocean, the doctrine of correspondences has its depths and its shallows. Doubtless, very few of us could demonstrate that the planet Venus is

mystically one with some plant which blooms in our garden. But it is always possible to begin at the beginning. The whole of Nature is at hand, and any aspect of it may be approached. There is no incident of daily life which cannot be illumined by comparison with some other event or with some natural phenomenon, great or small. One should beware of erecting such comparisons into dogmas, for the untrained imagination suggests false analogies as easily as true, but it is certain that unless we acquire the habit of searching in the external world for correspondences to our states of consciousness, we shall never know how "everything in the Universe follows analogy", or how "man is the microcosm of the macrocosm".

The Power of Imponderables

For example, there is St. Paul's saying: "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" Even a moral materialist, like Bismarck, recognized the rôle of "imponderables" in the determination of political issues. A so-called venial sin in a man whose virtues are celebrated, can become the cause of ruin to himself and to those who trust him. A spark of pure love can transmute the life of a sinner, as it transformed the Magdalen.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether many men are convinced that the infinitesimal is really a reservoir of incalculable power. Do we sincerely believe that a supposedly harmless weakness, such as a fondness for rich food, can bar our progress more effectively than an obvious vice against which we struggle? To gain a measure of conviction, we need the tangible evidence of our senses. That is why St. Paul's graphic image makes a more definite impression than a long ethical treatise. A pertinent experiment is described in *The Homœopathic Recorder:*

> An illustration of the demonstrable power of the infinitesimal, is the result of plunging a stick of copper to the bottom of a glass container filled with water in which algæ are present. When the copper is inserted sufficiently to touch the bottom of the container and immediately withdrawn, it gives off enough energy to kill the algæ in a short time. A still more startling proof of the power of the infinitesimal is that if the glass container is emptied and refilled with water and fresh, healthy algæ placed therein, these algæ also will immediately show signs of the destructive process until they too have been killed, showing the continued action of the copper. This process may be continued for a considerable time, emptying the water and refilling the container with fresh water and algæ; but so long as drops of water have been left on the edges of the container, there is sufficient copper in an imponderable state to kill the algæ. This process will continue almost indefinitely unless the container is wiped dry before refilling, when the destructive action ceases (pp. 812–813).

Such a test indicates clearly enough that the energy behind or within a thing is not always proportionate to the thing's size or weight. It is often impossible to judge the potential intensity of a force by the material magnitude of the vehicle through which the force becomes manifest upon the physical plane.

A single bacillus has the capacity of starting a train of events which will quickly destroy an empire; in this sense, it is incomparably more dangerous than a stampeding elephant.

Occultism is the science of "hidden things". It is, therefore, concerned with the causal world, with the forces which underlie manifestation; and it is said to begin with the investigation of those forces within oneself. But one cannot progress in self-knowledge, until one has learned, in some degree, to distinguish between reality and appearance. The average man takes it for granted that his most important virtues and vices are those which loom largest in his normal waking state. The aspirant to self-knowledge must look within the "forms" of his consciousness, determining their relative significance not by their bulk but by the reserves of energy which they contain.

Imponderables in Biology

The power of the imponderable is the subject-matter of much scientific speculation. The electronic theory and the quantum mechanics of physics have received the widest publicity, but physics is not the only science where the centre of interest has been transferred to infinitesimals. The theory of genes which now dominates biology, is an instance.

This hypothesis illustrates as well as any other both the ingenuity and the limitations of the scientific mind. It is the last and the most subtle of a series of efforts to explain the origin and development of life as a process of chemical change and selection. Incidentally, it reveals the insufficiency of a method based upon the perception that inorganic and organic matter have analogous properties, but taking no account of the equally apparent correspondence between the dominant force in organic matter, which is the power of life itself, and the energies in inorganic matter, which biologists pretend to be inanimate.

The theory of genes has been devised to explain various new facts brought to light by the experimental study of Mendel's laws of heredity. It became impossible to interpret the various modes of inheritance in terms of the older conception that the organic cell, made visible through the microscope, is the unit of life. There had always been reason to suppose that the cell, as a whole, is merely an envelope of its most important ingredient, the nucleus; and an examination of the nucleus showed the presence of certain rod-like bodies, known as chromosomes, which are directly involved in the phenomena of cell-division and reproduction. But these chromosomes themselves are complex structures; and the way in which characters or qualities are inherited, has suggested the hypothesis that the real units of life are certain highly organized molecules or groups of molecules in each chromosome, which have been named genes. The present view is that characters are transmitted from parents to offspring through the agency of aggregates of genes. Evolution of characters is supposed to occur when there is a "translocation" or "transmutation" in a chain of genes or some alteration in the internal structure of the genes themselves. Such modifications might be expected to occur as a normal consequence of the blending of the diverse characters of the parents in a new organism; but

there are certain abrupt changes, known as mutations, which must be explained by other factors.

In 1927 Dr. Muller announced that he had produced artificial mutations in *Drosophila*, the fruit-fly, by means of X-rays. The success of this experiment has given birth to a theory that mutations in Nature may be effected through the bombardment of the genes by radiant energy, in particular, by the powerful cosmic rays. The problem is not simplified for the geneticists by the fact, demonstrated by Dr. Borodin and others, that living things themselves emit radiant energy. The ultra-violet-like emanations of organisms are called mitogenic rays or M-rays or, more clearly, life-rays, and they are said to be of different wave-lengths for each individual and for each part of the body.

The New York Times (January 1, 1933) reported Dr. Borodin as saying, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that: "The genes are influenced in the rate of their mutation by the action of these life-rays which they produce. The genes of each particular part of the living body have their own particular wave-length. These wave-lengths act like an æolian harp, vibrating in unison to their own rhythms, so that each set of genes responds only to its own dance of life."

The whole subject is clearly summarized, from the orthodox biologist's point of view, in the following passage from *The Mechanism of Creative Evolution*, by Dr. C. C. Hurst:

> So far, physiologists and colloid physicists, working at the problem of the origin of life, have taken for their basis the protoplasm of the cell. This has been chemically and physically tested and efforts have been made to reproduce it in the laboratories. Now, however, with the demonstration of the gene as the unit and basis of life, it is the study of the structure of these organic particles which will be the great work of the future. . . . So much has been discovered of the structure of the physical world by the bombardment of atoms with various rays, that it is not too much to expect that within the next few years, by the same means, great discoveries will be made concerning the structure of the gene, and the great problem of the ultimate foundation of life may eventually be solved. . . . On the inference that the gene is a complex molecule or group of molecules with peculiar autocatalytic powers, we must admit a continuity of life with matter. In the light of the New Physics matter is now regarded as electrical action and we have a sequence from the electrons and protons through the simple and complex atoms to the simple and complex molecules, some of these producing autocatalytic reactions culminating in the power of self-reproduction coupled with the capacity for mutation, thus giving rise to protogenes and genes, those ultimate units of life which form the foundations of the great evolutionary edifice (pp. 293–295).

Units of Life and Units of Matter

It is interesting to note how often the discoveries and theories of modern science resemble or suggest, at certain points, some of the great doctrines of

the Pythagorean and Hermetic philosophers of antiquity. For example, a series of ancient analogies is evoked when one reflects upon the influence of X-rays and M-rays in producing mutations and modifying heredity. The Pythagoreans compared Nature to a musical instrument. When any string of this "æolian harp" was touched, the other strings vibrated in concord, sounding its overtones. In terms of the Pythagorean concept of universal harmony, it would be logical to suppose that the development and growth of a being are governed by the interaction of its own radiation with the radiation which comes to it in varying degree from all the centres of the cosmos.

However, we doubt whether any biologist will be grateful to us for pointing out any conformity between his views and those of Pythagoras. As a matter of fact, we are not going to press the comparison at all, for it is really superficial. The conceptions of Nature and the motives of research which animated Pythagoras seem to have been at the opposite pole from those which preside over the modern laboratory. One does not deny that the scientist loves truth, in his own manner; that love is, indeed, the power which sustains him in his hours of exacting toil, and which makes him willing to submit to the evidence of those facts that he sees. But in his love of truth, too often there is mingled a passion of another order, namely the love of his own mind. He is by no means free from the desire that truth should assume a form in accord with his preconceptions. On the other hand, according to the tradition of the Hermetic School, to which Pythagoras is said to have belonged, the love of truth is to be kept inviolate and pure, and he who would enter the domain of real knowledge must rid his mind permanently of its ingrained tendency to recognize only that fragment of truth which can be adapted to its expectation of what truth ought to be.

The Hermetic scientist adopts a working hypothesis which he undertakes to test; but a working hypothesis is intended to be a guide or a standard of reference, not a dogma. The great Hermetic postulate is that "man is the microcosm of the macrocosm". It implies the effort to discover in all beings, including the Divinity, qualities and attributes corresponding to those which one has discovered in his own nature. Thus Paracelsus taught, speaking—as we may believe—from his own experience: "Three spirits live in and actuate man; three worlds pour their beams upon him; but all three only as the image and echo of one and the same all-constructing and uniting principle of production. The first is the spirit of the elements (terrestrial body and vital force in its brute condition); the second, the spirit of the stars (sidereal or astral body —the soul); the third is the *Divine* spirit (*Augoeides*)."

The great fallacy of the modern biologist, in our opinion, is the notion that "the spirit of the elements" can be studied as if it were a thing apart from the "spirit of the stars" and the "Divine spirit". If we reflect, we shall be forced to admit that the human body conceived as a thing in itself is not a real body at all; it is a rind. Why should not the same be true throughout the animal and plant kingdoms, to the utmost limits of the plane of organic life, and beyond those limits, in the so-called inorganic world? It is impossible to explain

human heredity as a mere shuffling of ancestral characters, without regard to the nature and purposes of the incarnating entity, the soul. How can we expect to explain mutations, even in a fruit-fly, without any consideration of the "monadic essence", the vital principle whose presence in the fruit-fly gives it such identity as it has.

Doubtless, there are units of matter through whose agency "characters" are preserved and transmitted from one body to another; but the essence of each "character" must be a *living entity* of some order. We find it utterly unintelligible to speak of the genes themselves as the ultimate "units of life". By definition, they are nothing but elaborate chemical compounds into which several "inanimate" substances have entered. Why do these compounds begin to manifest the qualities of life? Why do they merge their identities in the larger identity of the cell? Why again do unicellular organisms merge their identity in that of an organism having many cells? When and how does consciousness come upon the scene? Are consciousness and life one and the same? . . . One could multiply such questions endlessly and be certain of getting no real answer from the biologist. There is no answer, unless we accept as a working hypothesis, the idea that life or consciousness and matter are related to each other as the subjective and objective aspects of One Reality, and that wherever there is matter there is life, and vice versa,—though both matter and life may exist in phases altogether beyond our present conception. In other words, it seems to us most rational to assume that matter does not "organize" itself; that it is "organized" by life; that whenever a major mutation or trend occurs in the course of organic evolution, it is attributable to the intervention of a hitherto unmanifested form of life in the affairs of this plane. Every unit of matter is the vehicle of a unit of life;—what else can it be?

Bacteria in Meteors

Scientists have been reluctant to admit the possibility of life under any physical conditions except those with which we are familiar on earth. Some have gone so far as to affirm that the earth is almost certainly the only habitable spot in the Universe. Quite recently there has been a healthy reaction against this extreme dogmatism. It has been recognized that even upon this planet life can exist under what appear to be the most adverse circumstances. J. A. Berry of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, Seattle, reported a month ago to the Society of American Bacteriologists, that the germs which turn milk sour, have been observed to live in a temperature of 15 degrees above zero Fahrenheit for two years. *The New York Times*, January 31, 1933, reports the discovery of bacteria in meteors by Professor Charles B. Lipman, dean of the graduate division of the University of California. Professor Lipman does not dogmatize about his discovery, nor does he deny that the bacteria which are apparently identical with terrestrial forms, may have an earthly origin. But he does not hesitate to express his conviction that they actually came from interplanetary space. The reporter remarks that "Professor Lipman's report may revive a scientific hypothesis hitherto receiving little credence, that life

originally may have come to earth in minute organisms floating through space. Dr. Lipman's work if verified will suggest a search in meteors for the wholly invisible viruses and bacteriophages. Scientists are not certain whether these two forms are living things or inanimate chemical substances. An occasional suggestion has been made that viruses or bacteriophages may be a connecting link where inanimate matter is converted into living substance."

Aphanobionts

Viruses and bacteriophages are having their share of popularity. *The New York Times* (December 12, 1932) gives an account of a conference held by Professor D. F. Sinitsin with the Sigma Xi science fraternity of the University of California at Los Angeles. Professor Sinitsin "presented a definition of the basic invisible processes of life as a conclusion to his discussion of ultra-microscopic living organisms."

> First he pointed out that the limit of human sight is fixed by light. . . . The measure of infinitesimally small things is the millimicron. There are 25,400,000 millimicrons to the inch. Physicists point out that the shortest wave length of visible light is not less than 400 millimicrons. Nothing smaller than that can actually be seen by men with any type of instrument. By means of diffraction of light, however, it is possible to see the reflection from things as small as about 200, or maybe 150 millimicrons. Means of experimental investigation other than sight have determined the existence of living organisms as small as 8 millimicrons. This is by means of porcelain filters, on which are placed films whose pores are known to be of definite size.
>
> These filters have proved the existence of invisible ultramicroscopic organisms in the investigation of disease virus. There are a hundred such different invisible disease viruses known. . . .
>
> "The chemical theory of the origin of life is that after the earth cooled, chemical substances came together and formed living organisms", Professor Sinitsin said. "We know that some disease viruses resist heat and poisons that no known form of life can withstand. Some live without oxygen. I conclude from these investigations that there are invisible living organisms, perhaps of eternal life, that are back of all life processes. If there are bad or disease organisms, why not good or life-helping organisms? I would call them aphanobionts, meaning invisible life. They are so small that they can escape all of our means of observation. They undoubtedly exist not only on the earth but everywhere. Aphanobionts not only can be transported from planet to planet but can exist in all space and conditions of the universe. That would explain the mystery of life and why it will always be a mystery to man, because it is beyond his power of sight."

One is grateful for any recognition of the universality of life, but in the present instance one's enthusiasm is tempered by the excessive claims which Professor Sinitsin makes for his aphanobionts. How does he expect to prove that they "can exist in all space and conditions of the universe"? Let us return

to the axiom with which we started; "Everything in the Universe follows analogy". Analogy implies identity of essence; it does not imply identity of form or outer structure. If we would keep our thinking as clear as possible, we shall be wise not to identify aphanobionts with the principle of life itself which is truly invisible, though not in the sense that Dr. Sinitsin suggests. Like the genes, aphanobionts may be regarded as the "bodies" of unevolved "Lives", but in that case they would be just as material as our own bodies into whose composition millions of such imponderable entities doubtless enter. It would seem that bacteria and bacteriophages (bacteria-eaters) are connected with some classes of the "Destroyers" and "Builders" which, according to Madame Blavatsky, are the infinitesimal living agents that regulate the processes of growth and decay in animal bodies (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 283). For all we know there may be bacteria and bacteriophages not only in meteors and on the other planets of our solar system, but throughout all the "island universes". In accordance with the principle of analogy, however, all that we can assume with conviction is that life is omnipresent, and that the forms in which it is incarnate correspond to one another,—which does not mean that they necessarily resemble one another. The human imagination is sufficiently impressed by the variety of living forms on this planet alone.

What evidence can be adduced that aphanobionts are "of eternal life"? It is certain that their eternity does not seem probable to anyone who believes that the Universe begins and ends its great cycles of manifestation upon the highest plane of spiritual consciousness. "Only the Gods are immortal", that is to say, only those beings who are plenary incarnations of "the Divine Spirit, the Augoeides". Tradition does not include disease viruses among the Gods.

The Essential Divinity of Matter

In the last chapter of *The Mechanism of Creative Evolution*, to which reference has been made, Dr. Hurst steps outside the limits of ordinary biological theory and offers some speculations of his own upon the nature of the world and the destiny of man. They provide a good antidote to the notion of an eternity of aphanobionts. Also they prove that it is unfair to judge a man of science solely by his behaviour when he is speaking ex cathedra as a representative of scientific orthodoxy.

Dr. Hurst disclaims any attachment to the mechanistic materialism of Nineteenth Century science, and expresses his sympathy with Jeans' conception of the world "as a universe of thought", and of "its creation as an act of thought with space-time as a setting". He suggests that matter is the first creation of "pure thought", and that subsequently "matter has given rise to life and mind".

> All three [matter, life and mind] are fundamentally and genetically one with different expressions in time, forming a monistic trinity with a common basis and origin in pure thought, which after all may be only another name for spirit. The great principle of indeterminacy in nature may thus be tentatively inter-

> preted as the natural mode of action and manifestation of pure thought or spirit in matter-life-mind, while determinism . . . represents an inner and secondary principle based on the geometrical mode of action of the present human conceptual mind.
>
> It may be that the discovery in our time of scientific indeterminacy and relativity foreshadows the coming of the next great step in the creative evolution of mind, far surpassing and transcending the present conceptual and deterministic mind of man.

Dr. Hurst has the courage to admit the possibility of a "submaterial human existence supervening immediately after death", and believes that "the remote successors of man may be free and independent of matter with infinite possibilities of future progress notwithstanding the complete dissolution of the universe."

If biologists in general held such views, it is quite possible that their science would be regenerated. However, we venture to question the validity of Dr. Hurst's *imago mundi* in one important particular. He speaks of matter, life and mind as if they succeeded one another. It is more plausible to suppose that, like space and time, matter, life and mind are co-eternal. The gross matter of our sense-perceptions is most adequately represented as the vesture or "concretion" of a gross form of life associated with a correspondingly gross mode of consciousness or "intelligence". As Professor Whitehead has remarked, "Biology is the study of the larger organisms, whereas physics is the study of the smaller organisms". According to our conception, gross matter does not evolve life and mind out of itself; through the continuing "bombardment" of matter by the rays of "pure thought", the *Logos* of mystical philosophy, the subtile is separated from the gross, the refinement of matter progressing *pari passu* with the refinement of life and mind. An absolutely incorporeal state of existence is as incomprehensible as a physical universe devoid of consciousness.

It is a curious paradox that Theosophy, the least materialistic of philosophies, postulates the eternity and the essential divinity of "matter" (substance) more emphatically than any other system.

True science and true religion are twin sisters, and separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis.—HUXLEY.

FRAGMENTS

DRAW from thy well, O Lanoo, and give the thirsty to drink.

Lo, Lord, I have drawn many times, and the vessel, full to the brim, has stood there by the wayside and no one cared to touch it. I saw them pass, weary and oppressed; I offered, but they thought they had no need of what I had to give. It was brackish, maybe,—tears are salt; yet the water must be pure, for thou didst fill my well, and I have lived upon it all these years. The vessel is too poor, too uninviting; I must make another that may better serve thy purpose, better meet the ever-growing want.

And no one drank?

No man, Lord, only others of thy humbler creatures.

And which of those?

The ants have come, and gnats; sometimes a dragon fly spread iridescent wings across the surface of the water and poised and paused; birds come often, though it is not easy for them. One day a limping, mangy dog took gladly, and licked my hand for gratitude,—which belonged to thee.

I saw the grass was yellowing in the summer heat; I poured upon it, and poured and poured: it seemed it could not have enough. Since then the place about is always fresh and green, and flowers are springing here and there. The air, too, draws the moisture up, and forms soft mist clouds that later fall in rain. The little brothers love the water thou hast placed here, and thrive upon it; but the human brothers, no. They thirst and die for water; but water is a homely thing: they seek some nectar for their thirst, some distillation from the finest flowers of earth.

Draw from thy well, O Lanoo, and give the thirsty to drink. Is it not said: The last shall be the first, the first be last? Regard not great or small. Give, pour forth, for those who recognize their need and who take gladly, whether great or small. All are part of one vast Brotherhood. The life is there *because* the humble take: and he who drinks the water that I give distils his nectar from it, his heart the only flower from which it can be drawn.

As thou hast said, my Lord, so shall it be.

CAVÉ.

WAR MEMORIES

XIX

Reconstruction

IN a little more than a week after I returned to Paris (having reported to my Committee on my trip, and having wound up my simple affairs there), I was on my way to the North again, this time to settle for the winter—though perhaps "to settle" is hardly a correct term for those most unsettled times. That departure from Paris is still vivid in my memory. My Committee had given me the same camionnette, but another driver, and we had determined to make a very early start, loading our car the night before in order to prevent possible, last-minute delays; also because we had asked permission to take with us a French lady, eager to get back to her home near Givenchy, but who was far from strong—in fact, quite unable to travel under existing, abnormal conditions—and she would have to be picked up at her hotel and well tucked in, all of which would take valuable time before we could consider ourselves really started on our journey. I was up at four o'clock, only to find that there was a cold, drenching downpour of rain which was threatening to turn into sleet at any moment, and by the time I had packed my bags and, with a certain amount of cajolery, had persuaded a sleepy maid to bring me some hot coffee, it was half past five, and the camionnette, punctual to the dot, was at the door. The staff of the small hotel had been most interested and sympathetic in regard to this new undertaking of mine (I had often stopped here before, and I knew them all by name), but to my surprise I found a friendly little group gathered at the entrance, even in that dismal weather and at that early hour, and as I climbed in beside our invalid passenger and my new driver (a French girl, as before), they all waved a kindly parting: "*Adieu!*" "*Au revoir!*" "*Bonne chance!*"—and off we went, threading our way through a tangle of small streets, too narrow for the first, uncertain light of this dreary winter morning to have penetrated; slipping almost imperceptibly into the wider Boulevards running north—Sébastopol, Strasbourg, Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, Rue de la Chapelle, across the Boulevard Ney and so through the Porte St. Denis (where we had to stop and show our passes), then out beyond the old fortifications. How grey and dismal all this part of Paris looked as we splashed along! How more than grey and dismal St. Denis looked! No splendour of the Kings of France still lingering there! A dull murk, a thick curtain of fog and sleet hung between us and those vanished glories of the past, shutting us into a mournful and cheerless present. That last look I was ever to have of St. Denis (though I did not then guess it to be my last), has left on me an indelible impress of intensest melancholy.

Following our previous route by Beauvais and Amiens—where we again

spent the night—we went north from there to Doullens, instead of passing, as formerly, along the Albert-Bapaume road, for we had to repatriate our invalid beyond Arras. All the way we were literally besieged by returning refugees, who implored us to give them seats in our already overcrowded camionnette with its overloaded springs. In Doullens itself where, in the congested streets, we often had to halt, men and women alike crowded on to the steps and along the running-board, threatening us with a serious breakdown. It was a dreadful thing to have to refuse them, and I doubt if our courage would have held out had it not been for the determination of my young driver who, with full responsibility for the safe return of the car to headquarters in Paris, at last declared that we must make our choice of getting a mile or so only on our journey, and then being a complete wreck, or flatly telling these poor, eager, homeless creatures that they must wait for the transport afforded by the British Army; that we ourselves were not prepared for transport, and could not possibly take even one of them. I remember an occurrence which was specially moving—an aged woman who, with set face and poor, feeble but tightly-clinging, shrivelled old hands, refused to get off the step where she had secured a precarious foothold, though, after asking her where she lived, we assured her that we were not going anywhere near there. Sobbing piteously, but still holding fast, she had actually to be pulled off, finger by finger, this being done by another refugee, a man who, recognizing our predicament, generously came to our assistance, though he had, himself, hoped for a lift.

"There, there! *gran'mère*," I heard his gentle, consoling voice, "Patience! Courage! Your house has already waited a long time for your return; it can wait a day or two longer. Patience!"

I have often wondered if that pathetically desperate old woman ever reached her home at all, or if, when she at last got to her village, she found any home left standing.

For the most part, however, these half-clad, heart-sore, yet unflinchingly courageous refugees showed a magnificent spirit—an unconquerable spirit which was wholly French; long, silent streams of them trudging resolutely on, along the bleak, winter roads leading to the North—the North where their homes had once been, hoping against hope that, when they came to their journey's end, they would find some semblance of a house, and so, painfully, be able to gather together the fragments of their former life, starting afresh. Or else you saw them waiting patiently in small, huddled groups for some British lorry travelling in their direction—a lorry big enough to squeeze them all in. The work which the British Army did among these returning refugees was remarkably well organized, and was the means of saving untold misery, illness and perhaps death. Shortly after the armistice, a regular transport service was started; the huge motor lorries, so recently used for the movement of troops and of ammunition, were now employed for the purposes of re-establishing peace conditions. The highroads were filled with these great camions, grinding along, packed to the utmost with their human freight—whole families at a time being repatriated. It saved many a long and exhausting march for the weary

feet, and the Tommies were at their very best while helping the women and children and old men to make themselves comfortable on their long, jolting drive.

Reaching what had once been the beautiful city of Arras, the old capital of Artois, we were shocked to see the devastation which had been wrought there; to see the complete destruction of the great cathedral of St. Vaast, where only the noisy rooks now lived; the long, almost empty streets of tottering houses—a broken and tortured town. We passed through it rapidly (there was little to detain us), and after being directed to the highroad running toward Béthune, we moved quickly forward, at length dropping our passenger at the appointed spot near Givenchy, ourselves intending immediately to press on to our goal beyond Douai. But we knew that we were within only a few miles of Vimy Ridge, and the opportunity thus afforded us to visit that world-famous battle-ground was not to be missed. So we decided to go there (passing first through Lens, which was rather a *détour*), taking our chances of finding someone at Vimy who would point out to us the historical spots. I had long had the greatest desire to visit Vimy Ridge, having had the care of many boys who had been severely wounded there, and who had given me long accounts of the great Canadian "Day".

Lens was a mournful sight indeed; if such a thing were possible, it seemed to me even more completely destroyed than many of the towns on the Somme. In pre-War days it had been one of the most important industrial cities of the North, and at the very centre of the great coal-fields which stretch all over this part of France. Now it lay a silent, dismal waste of piled-up stone and twisted iron girders. From the huge factories all the machinery had first been removed and transported to Germany, the factories themselves then being systematically destroyed by the retreating enemy; the iron and steel founderies had been gutted; the coal mines flooded, making the working of them quite out of the question for a long time to come. Here and there, along what had evidently been the main thoroughfare running through the centre of the town, a khaki figure or two could be seen at work, and I watched a little family of returning refugees—all they had left in the world tied up in bundles and carried on their backs—almost groping their way, as though in a dream, trying to discover, in that vast confusion of fallen masonry, the exact spot where their home had stood. I wandered about in the grip of a terrible fascination, and, seeing a small gateway which, for some strange reason, had escaped destruction, I passed through it, following a little path which led to the back of what had once been a good-sized house, and there I suddenly came upon one of the most fantastic sights I have ever seen in my life. Evidently I had found my way into what used to be a very pretty garden, for a few broken shrubs, the wreck of a greenhouse and a small, shattered fountain could still be distinguished from the rubbish lying all about, and in the midst of this sorrowful disorder, a frail-looking woman in the deepest mourning, her trailing black dress and her long, black veil blowing about her, stood digging in the ground with an overheavy garden spade which she had evidently brought with her for the purpose.

I cannot describe how forlornly incongruous she looked, busily working at her strange task in the midst of that desolation, clothed in her decent black, so out of place in this chaos. Later I was to learn that many women were obliged to wear, day in, day out, the only clothes they had—those in which they had escaped. I was so astonished at seeing her there that (although, of course, I knew I was an undesirable even if unintentional intruder), I could not for the moment summon sufficient wits even to retreat, and so to leave her alone in her sorrow—my feet refused to move. She heard me and looked up, and I saw that her face was wet with tears.

"*Mais madame . . . je suis désolée . . .* ", I began in a faltering voice, hoping to excuse and explain my unwelcome presence, while beginning at last to move away as hastily as I could.

But she quickly dropped that cumbersome spade, and stood up bravely, impatiently brushing away the tears which were betraying her, and, seeing that I was a stranger, asked me in a tone of the most dignified and courteous hospitality, if there was anything she could do for me! I could not find a single word to say; I did not know whether I wanted most to cry or to smile at her offer of hospitality in those bare and unpromising surroundings. But, looking at her more intently, I saw in her face something which warned me that the last thing in the world she would have forgiven was any show of pity. She was of the upper middle class, of that refined and delicate appearance so often found in French women where perhaps you least expect it—in the industrial regions; with rather a proud, reserved face, I thought, as she stood there courageously smiling at me in the midst of ruin and disaster. But I still could not find one word to say, and again I tried to withdraw.

"*Mais non, mais non!*" she called after me in protest, "would not madame like to see what they have done to my home—the Germans?" and she pointed to the charred and heaped-up wreckage of her house. "Would not madame like to hear what they have done to *us?*"

So we stood there talking, and she told me of her husband and two of her sons who had been killed in action; of a young boy of hers who had been shot down at her side while trying to protect her; of her two young daughters who had been deported, and that to this day, she did not know what had become of them.

"And now I am digging for some of our household things which I hastily buried in our garden when we had to leave, because my girls must find a home looking as it was when they were torn away from me—I will make them forget our sorrow!" And so mistress of herself was she, even in the midst of her distress, that again she waved almost gaily toward the ruins of her house and over the desolation of her garden where hardly a blade of grass was left. My heart sank within me as I pictured the home-coming of those two girls of hers—if ever they came home at all—after their revolting captivity, and I felt I had never seen anything more tragic than this lonely but determined French woman who was clinging so desperately and despite everything to her hope, refusing as yet to admit of a doubtful, if not actually impossible future, her long,

black veil blowing about her as she stood there resolutely smiling. And as I turned away, I reflected sadly on the depths of heart-break which a seemingly gay and almost careless laughter may conceal.

The afternoon was wearing away, so we hastened on toward Vimy, and my chief recollection of our rather hurried visit there is of the chill bleakness of that shell-torn, wind-swept hillside, where the clayey, tenacious mud—that mud which made the British advance in the spring of 1917 so difficult—still lay thick and deep beyond belief. Another, far happier memory, however, is of a friendly Canadian Sergeant whom we came upon, and who was good enough to act as our temporary guide. He had himself been in the thick of the fight, when the Canadians stormed up the slope of Vimy (there were many Colonials still stationed in the neighbourhood), and he knew every inch of the ground, pointing out to us the spot from which the Canadian troops made their first rush; just how far the first barrage had carried them, and then how they were halted because of the "infernal clay". His description was very graphic, as well it may have been, since he had himself been there, and he made us live it all over again with him. I soon began to realize at first hand, what that "infernal clay" was like, for as we toiled up one end of the steep and slippery incline—the slope which was first attacked—I could hardly pull my feet free of it; it clung to them like a nightmare thing. We managed to reach the crest, however, and walked along it, looking down to the other side of the Ridge where the Germans had been plainly visible on the run. You can see a long distance from the summit—a wide sweep of country: Douai, of course; Vitry-en-Artois, and even the hill of Monchy—and our guide, among other things, pointed to where the "nine elms" had stood, that famous little group of trees which had been such a landmark for many a soldier who had lost his way in the darkness, and about which I had already heard so many stirring accounts. He added, in a tone of such deep regret that I realized what the disappointment must have meant to those men: "If *only* we could have got them guns up out of that damned mud, we'd have been in Douai the next day," and then, in the intensity of his recollection: "D'you know, I seen some of our boys—the youngsters it was—just cryin' because they *couldn't* move our guns!"

We hated to leave, of course, but evening was threatening us, and we still had some distance to go, so, thanking our kind Canadian Sergeant, we again climbed into our car which was almost as caked with mud as we were, and started off once more along the rough road, badly *marmitée*, at length striking across the wide Douai plain. As we sped along, the mountainous, grey slag-heaps which, in the dusk, so strangely resembled pyramids, and which are so common in this great mining area, vied with the huge ammunition dumps (mostly old shell-cases or "dud" pine-apple hand-grenades); but at last we reached our destination—the small mining town which had been chosen as my headquarters, and which was on the highroad running between Douai and Denain. The choice of this town had been made chiefly because I knew that a little later, when a regular train service to the North had been re-established, it would be a comparatively simple matter to get my cases of supplies up from

Paris; for the present, they would have to be specially sent by camion, which was both expensive and slow.

There had been another reason, however: many British troops were stationed in and about the town, and I was certain that this would mean unlimited help if the need for it should arise. Later developments showed me to have guessed right, for the British Army knew that petrol was well-nigh unobtainable if one ran short of it; it knew that, in this disordered part of the world, it was almost impossible (without the necessary lorries) to remove huge cases of clothes, boots, blankets, from the railway to the empty schoolhouse which had been assigned me as a depot—so it adopted me from the first moment of my arrival, and the debt I owe to both officers and men stationed there in that isolated and War-dislocated region, would be quite impossible ever to repay. Without the British Army, I doubt if I could have got through that winter's work, for, of course, it had facilities at its command which the local French authorities no longer possessed, deprived as they had been, during the four years of the German occupation, of practically everything they had. So the British Army furnished me with unlimited petrol; with tools of all kinds with which to repair a broken-down camionnette; with transport conveniences for me when, later, my driver fell desperately ill and had to be sent back to Paris, and all the thousand small things, from mending my shoes to seeing that I had the proper food when I fell ill myself—for all these kindnesses I owe the British Army. I do not in any way mean to imply that the French of the devastated North were not generous to a degree which I could not possibly forget, but the Germans had left them without even the bare necessities of life; you could not even buy a cake of soap when I first went to that town, and the people were soling their shoes with paper and twisted straw—it was all they had; and as the food had to be strictly rationed, as it was of a kind which at best, did not permit of a too close scrutiny or of any analysis at all, what had they to offer except willing hands, and the most touching desire to give anything and everything they could?

My new work lay over a fairly wide area, for I had been given two cantons which, in this case, meant twenty-three villages, most of which lay, roughly speaking, within the square of Douai and Denain on the north line, Cambrai and Solesmes at the south. Of course, I had my nice French girl as driver, to take me and my supplies about, and, as soon as I had got my first shipment of cases unpacked—the clothing, shoes, stockings, blankets and all the rest of the supplies sorted—I began my rounds. I had very largely to guess at the best way to organize this (to me) new kind of relief work, for while my Committee had given me *carte blanche* as far as the actual work went, it had not offered even a suggestion by way of advice as to how best to put that work through. I had, however, long since seen enough of the life in small French villages to know that there was always a *curé* and always a *maire*, and that these two officials were not invariably and completely in accord, each having his favourite "cases", and his list of immediate "needs", just as each had his own perhaps humorous but unalterable point of view. It devolved upon me, therefore, to keep my wits about me, and to discover where the truth lay—not an easy matter. Of

course, the War and the terrible suffering which had been so heroically borne, particularly in this occupied territory, had banished almost all the more serious disagreements, but now that the worst of the danger was over, some of the small discords were springing to life again, and I found it best to keep constantly on the alert. So I set to work, in each village visiting in turn the *curé* and the mayor, telling them what it was that brought me; asking them to consult together in making a list of the neediest families of their village, and that on a certain fixed day, decided upon then and there, I would come again with my camionnette, but this time filled with warm things for distribution. All this preliminary work took a great deal of time, for the French peasant is hospitable and talkative and, of course, there was the endless subject of the War to discuss. In most cases, therefore, before I succeeded in pinning down either my *curé* or my *maire* to the matter in hand, I listened to complete and detailed histories of the War experiences of all the village folk—those who had remained and those who were returned refugees. Once I had made my preliminary tour, however, things went quicker, and each week had its programme. The mornings and afternoons were devoted, by pre-arranged schedule, to distribution in this village or in that; sometimes, if we were fortunate, we managed to distribute our supplies in three or perhaps four villages in one day, my driver leaving me at my distribution while she dashed back, over the rough and muddy roads, to our "headquarters", to collect fresh bundles of clothes and blankets, prepared by me, in anticipation of our need, the night before. Then back she would come, the camionnette full to the top again; pick me up, and off we would hasten to our next village.

These distributions were in many different kinds of buildings, according to whether the village had been badly damaged, or only partly so. Sometimes they would be in the semi-destroyed village church, where the good *curé* himself would stand, half in and half out of a snow drift, beaming his thanks on behalf of his emaciated and miserably clad flock; sometimes in a room in the town hall, where the mayor (who always, to my great embarrassment, opened the proceedings with a long and laudatory address) would preside—how the French do love a speech! Occasionally these distributions had to be in one tiny room of the *curé's* tiny house—a room where a red-hot stove (crammed, in our honour, with all the fuel which the entire neighbourhood could collect), roared and crackled; every window hermetically sealed, and every inhabitant of the village crowded into it. These were times when you felt you could be quite happy sitting on the North Pole, but you could not, of course, say so or even look that way, because the old *curé* appeared so benignly unconscious that you were at roasting point, and he was offering you the very best of his hospitality. There was always a struggle too, in finding just the right-fitting clothes for the woman or child who was standing patiently before you, expecting that, just because you were the humble representative of a big relief organization, you could work miracles. In the hurry of the proceeding, I never had time to determine whether the difficulties were caused by ill-assorted sizes in the clothes supplied me, or whether it lay in the remarkably varied, irrational, not to say illegal shapes of

our village folk. When it was a simple matter of a coat—well, any woman knows how to pin a seam so as to make the coat smaller, or turn up a hem so as to make the coat shorter, and mere details of that sort did not, of course, bother me, especially as I always took sewing cotton and needles with me, to give to the person who was to receive the over-large coat, knowing that these poor people seldom had such luxuries as thread of any sort. But the shoes were my despair—they could *never* be made to fit! It seemed always a question of trying to squeeze a number ten foot into a number three shoe, and I used sometimes to think, rather wistfully, of the prompt and clever way the "ugly sisters" in "Cinderella" had met and surmounted a similar problem when they found themselves suddenly confronted with it—they just chopped off their toes! While I was never reduced to so low a state that I seriously hoped this extreme measure would be adopted, I was none the less constantly on the watch for some magical recipe by which a transformation from over-small to over-large might be effected. I never found it, however, and the misfits continued to balk me to the very end.

That winter was terribly severe, and the suffering was intense. For the most part, a kind of community life was carried on in the villages—a pooling of interests. If, for instance, on returning to their village, three families found their houses completely demolished, while a fourth family rejoiced in a house comparatively intact, the four families would all huddle into the one habitable house, and so at least have a roof over their heads. You often saw, to your great surprise, what appeared to be evidence of much luxury, and this looked strangely out of place in the squalid surroundings. I remember a young peasant woman in a certain village, who daily appeared in a very handsome fur coat, and yet I knew she lived in a wreck of a house, and could never, in any case, have owned a fur coat of that kind. I discovered that when she had been turned out of her village by the authorities who were evacuating all the inhabitants, she had been ill in bed, and too weak to carry anything away; that some well-to-do woman, in a large town through which she passed, had taken pity on her distress, and had given her the fur coat, without which she would undoubtedly have died of exposure. But that coat was practically all she had; no warm dress kept her properly clad underneath. The expensive fur garment looked luxurious, but was, in reality, merely a shield for the utmost want.

It was desperately hard to get my things out quickly enough to my many villages, for, no matter how expeditiously my driver and I tried to work, there were always fresh crowds waiting and clamouring for our clothing and blankets. Of course, I went over and over again to each village, for the refugees came streaming back in great numbers; one week I might find five newly returned families; the following week, ten or fifteen might have returned, and be waiting for such relief as we could furnish. At least in the beginning, people in general were not permitted to return until the commune to which they belonged had been able to put up shelters enough to accommodate those who had lost their homes (though whether this ruling was made by the Government or by the local authorities I do not remember), and the return of anyone unable, because of old age or illness, to work in the fields was considered unjustified. This is not

surprising, with food so scarce; but as time went on, and shelters went up, the law was greatly relaxed—or else no one paid any further attention to it—and more and more families found their way back, for the French peasant loves the soil to which he belongs; he loves his home and all that the word means, and he would rather suffer misery there, than try to be happy anywhere else.

I think, however, it was not with the returned refugees that your sympathy was greatest; it was perhaps more with those who had remained, despite the danger and the distress, to live through the long years of the occupation; for these had suffered a moral stress and strain which even exile does not inflict. It would be difficult to imagine anything more cut off, more completely isolated than the North of France had been during all those four agonizing years. No reassuring letters from outside were allowed to pass into or out of occupied territory, the inhabitants remaining for the most part in entire ignorance as to the fate of family and dear friends in the rest of France. They never had any reliable news as to the progress of the War; they saw only German newspapers, printed in French, it is true, and purporting to give correctly the course of current events, but these events were in reality so distorted (it was, of course, German propaganda) that they were nothing less than lies—lies calculated to spread dismay and despair, though they never did! But it was a kind of living death which those people experienced, and it would have resulted in the deadliest form of stagnation and of paralyzed will, except for the unquenchable fire within. For no matter how cruel and unwarrantable the German oppression was; no matter to what malevolent depths the Germans descended in their efforts to intimidate, to dishearten, to crush, they never succeeded in breaking the sturdy spirit of those people of the North. There was an enforced silence of course, but with it a proud and fiery endurance which was the heroic note of those terrible four years. They saw all their civic rights withdrawn, their personal liberty, even of the simplest kind, restricted if not wholly abolished, and they endured; they saw their houses systematically looted, all their cattle and poultry taken away, their agricultural implements removed, and still they endured; they watched helplessly while their women and young girls were driven into the foulest kind of slavery, and still they refused to lose hope; they looked on while their factories were wantonly destroyed, and their coal mines wantonly flooded, but they did not waver—they knew the end was not yet. I believe it is a recognized fact that the Germans were even more merciless in their treatment of the North of France than they were, in the long run, in Belgium itself, for after the first terrible year there, when the organized atrocities were found to be politically and internationally a mistake, and were for that reason abandoned, there was a general desire to conciliate Belgium because Germany definitely hoped to annex her, and hoped in this way to win back the confidence of the people! Whereas, in the North of France, the probability of annexation, once the War was over, was far less, and Germany never halted in her policy of intimidation.

The North of France was one vast, cheerless ruin—you could not get away from that fact; and the flooding of the mines, the destruction of the factories

had thrown an added burden on the authorities, for the hope by the people at large of quickly resuming a normal life was indefinitely postponed, armies of men and women facing a long and uncertain period of unemployment; and immediate return to work was out of the question. So, with the War over, and the hated Germans gone, it took perhaps even more courage to face interminable months of inactivity, than it had taken to live through the occupation. As time went on, there was, of course, the wide-spread legend that, according to the Treaty, Germany would be obliged to repair the immense and far-reaching damage for which she was wholly responsible; that, as compensation for the destruction of the coal mines in northern France, for instance, Germany was to cede much of the Sarre basin, but we who were working in the *Nord Dévasté*, daily seeing the utter ruin all about us, wondered how any real compensation would ever be possible. It has often been said (and justly) by those who took an active part in the Great War, that one of the best ways to learn what the Germans are like, is to have seen what they did in the occupied territories.

The work of reconstruction moved slowly, but as the winter wore on it was wonderful to see the signs of quickening life in this stricken area. When I had first come you could not buy even a candle; matches were, of course, quite out of the question. In fact, provisions of the simplest kind were unobtainable, except at the B. E. F. canteens—those were not, however, available to French civilians. But now, small shops began to open, here and there, with limited supplies it is true—such things as pins, sewing cotton, soap—and I learned at this time, that these homely objects can easily excite an interest out of all proportion to their ordinary value, when you have been without them for a sufficiently long period, for you would often see little groups of the village people earnestly inspecting the newly arrived luxuries. Little by little too, another most cheering sight augured a slow return to old conditions—work in the fields began again, and you saw the long, deep furrows of a plough share—no doubt it had been hidden from the Germans in some dark cellar, or off in the woods, covered by underbrush; you would catch the fragment of a song as a woman gathered faggots in the dusk of the evening, or you would hear the happy barking of a dog as he entered into a game with a group of children —children no longer playing furtively but with wholehearted gaiety, as children do. It was the revival of life in a country which, outwardly, had long been dead.

The time was slipping by, however; the days had passed unnoticed into weeks, and the weeks, as unheeded, into months, and one day we awoke to the fact that the terrible winter was over, the spring with its promise of better things had come. My hour for leaving drew near; my work had come to an end for, quite suddenly, and to my surprise, I realized that I had been working among my villages for nearly six months. Regular Government supplies were now steadily streaming in, in enormous quantities, and, of course, other *œuvres* such as the C. R. B. and the Red Cross, had long been on the spot,—there was no further need of any work such as ours, which was on a much smaller scale. So I made a final round of my twenty-three villages—a moving event for me, for I had made many warm friends; one last distribution in the town where I had my

supply-depot (with a kind of farewell ceremony), and then, one glowing spring morning, when hope was in the air, and the joy of renewed life was in the very breezes, I left the Devastated North of France.

My Committee had very generously given me permission to run up to Brussels before returning to Paris with the car, and knowing how many places there were, all along the western Front, which, filled with personal associations, were very dear to me, it had suggested that, on my way south again, I should stop wherever I wanted, or make any reasonable *détours*, in order to visit these spots. Naturally I was most anxious to have a last survey of a few of the localities made vividly known to me by those who had suffered there; by friends who had lost husbands and sons there, or where I myself had been and had witnessed, with my own eyes, at intervals during the long, dark years of the War, the immortal grandeur of that struggle. I fervently desired to see each and all of these sacred spots again, that I might hold them in perpetual memory.

To see them all was, however, out of the question, but how eagerly my young French driver and I started out, that lovely spring morning! Passing along the way where, not so long ago, the English and the Canadians had sent the Germans reeling backwards, we ran rapidly through Valenciennes, at length crossing the frontier into Belgium, with an emotion, at least on my part, which I cannot describe. It was the first time I had been on Belgian soil since the autumn of 1915 when, sorrowfully, I had been obliged to leave that heroic little country. It did not take us long to reach Mons, so full of memories of the "Old Contemptibles", nor to pass a short distance along the now-famous Mons-Condé Canal, behind which, on that quiet Sunday, August 23rd, 1914, men of the little British Expeditionary Force had drawn up, to face the overwhelming odds which confronted them. And here they were attacked before they had had time to entrench; it was from here that, at last, when all hope of holding their position was gone; when complete envelopment was threatening, the great Retreat began. Once (how long ago it seemed now!) I had known some of those men, and as I stood there, I thought proudly of each one of them; I tried to imagine what that Canal must have looked like to them in the early morning light, as they ranged themselves there, with all the odds of the world against them. I wished that I knew where their graves were, so that I might stand beside them for a while. How quiet the country looked, after nearly five years! No rifle shot rang out; there was not even a distant cannonading; the people of the town came and went, intent upon their business—already the scars had begun to heal.

Then Brussels—only a day to spend there, and how many friends, how many familiar places I wanted to visit! But before I looked for anything else, I looked for the Belgian flag (always it reminded me of a great tulip bed), and I saw it everywhere, streaming its gorgeous red, yellow and black. There on the summit of the Palais de Justice it was—the Palais de Justice where, for so many years, the hated German flag had been flying; where German guns had been placed so that they pointed straight down the Rue Royale, trained also on the lower town lying in the hazy depths far below. But now, looking down into

those depths, over the soft gleaming of the ancient, gold-encrusted Hotel de Ville, I could see the flag of liberated Belgium waving; and on the Royal Palace, where the Queen's Hospital had been installed, again floated the Royal Standard —King Albert had come back to his own. There were no Germans anywhere to be seen—the streets were clear of them, thank God! The lovely, small Parc du Cercle, which the Germans had closed, was once more open to the public, and the children were playing there. You could walk unmolested along the Rue de la Loi, past the Belgian Government buildings—that street into which, during the occupation, you could never enter without a pass, difficult to obtain; into which you were hardly allowed even to look, no, not even to watch the change of guard as it goose-stepped itself haughtily in and out every day, punctually, at high noon—I daresay the German authorities were afraid that some of us might laugh! That street had been the very centre of *Deutschland über alles*, and the unwary intruder who lacked his *passierschein*, was more than likely to get a bullet through his head, or a bayonet thrust through his heart; at the very best, it would be an unceremonious "*Heraus mit!*", and he would probably end his days in St. Giles. But now, incredible as it seemed to me, returning after this long period, you could walk along the Rue de la Loi without the least fear either of bayonets or of bullets. In the beautiful Cathedral of Sainte Gudule, where Cardinal Mercier had so fearlessly hurled his resounding challenges into the very teeth of the enemy, you could remain in peace, enjoying the vast, twilight spaces which you had always loved. All Brussels was breathing freely again; the friends of 1914 and 1915 whom I saw, and from whom I had so sadly parted, had a new light in their faces, even if old shadows still lingered, and I came away with peace of mind and renewed hope for the future.

Feeling that I could not possibly leave this part of the world without having one last look at the great and magnificently tragic Ypres salient, even if it were to be but a glimpse, we struck across country; through Alost which had paid so dearly for its attempted stand against the first German advance of 1914; through Ghent, so full of early memories for me—memories of thousands of terrified refugees, of retreating Belgian troops with the Antwerp garrison as a climax, of British Ambulance Units keeping open to the last, and then of that night at the old château in the outskirts of the town, where I had experienced my first sight of the enemy. It seemed to me that it had all been a million years ago.

From Ghent we turned south, through Courtrai to Menin, and so passed along the Menin road which is now one of the most famous in history. There was no great Memorial Gateway at the end of it then, as there is to-day, but the very air you breathed seemed rarefied because of the magnitude of the sacrifice which had been offered there. Who will ever forget the carnage of the Third Battle of Ypres? Who can ever think of the dismal, fetid marshes of the Yser, with the mouldering duck-boards, and the sodden, rotting earth, without a tightening of the heart-strings? That country, so shell-torn, so lacerated, every inch of which had been so fiercely contested by our weary and outnumbered yet still unflagging troops, all through that rain-soaked autumn, has become sacred ground to many of us, and will for ever remain so. Of Ypres itself—

"*Ypres la Morte*"—little, of course, was left; the beautiful Cloth Hall was a mass of rubble and calcined stone; the Cathedral of St. Martin was a forlorn wreck; the signs directing you to "Hell Fire Corner" still told their tale of bitter conflict—it was a wilderness of desolation. We ran hastily through Poperinghe, even more battered than when I had seen it last, and we went round by way of the lovely, white château, where the hospital in which I had worked among the blind had stood, but there was hardly a trace of it left. The German advance of 1918 had almost completely destroyed it. I remembered those long, sunlit summer days, and those blind men groping their way about, wrapped in that sightless night of theirs, yet never for one moment losing heart. I remembered "Jim" who had followed "the long, long trail" in his last effort to help a more helpless comrade than himself; I thought of my Devonshire boy with his quiet, reserved manner, and his inner sight—he too had "gone west". The whole country-side seemed strange to me without the familiar faces, and with the château itself a cheerless heap of ruins.

Speeding south toward Lille, we passed through Armentières, near which, in the great spring offensive of 1918, the enemy, striking at a spot where an attack was least expected, had succeeded for a time in breaking through the British lines, and when, in that supreme moment, Sir Douglas Haig had sent to his troops, his now world-famous, high-hearted message: ". . . Many among us are now tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. . . . Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end,"—and on that note it continued. How well I remembered the great convoys of wounded which had flooded the large Military Hospital in London (where I then was), just after that grim stand of the British forces in that part of the sector! What an untold debt of gratitude we owe those men!

We reached Lille after dark, and left the next morning before daylight, as we were anxious to make up lost time, so I saw little of it. Still heading south toward Cambrai, much of which was now familiar ground to me, we passed through that dismembered town, deliberately set on fire by the retreating Germans, even so late as a few days after their first demand for an armistice! The great Place d'Armes had then looked like a stretch of desert, but now, rebuilding had begun. Continuing our way, we set our course for Le Catelet, St. Quentin and La Fère, thus, with somewhat of a margin, skirting the old battle-fields of the Somme, and then running straight through those of Picardy—that whole section between Cambrai and the Oise into which the Germans had first driven a huge salient in their advance of 1918, and over which they had then swept in their last effort to reach Paris. We were running close to the famous Hindenburg Line, and with the greatest interest we touched it as we passed along the St. Quentin Canal—that part of it, at least, which stretches between Bellincourt and Bellenglise—for this was one of the spots where, in the autumn of that year, during the final retreat of the Germans, the supposedly impregnable barrier had been pierced. The Canal is very wide and deep just here, with fearfully

precipitous cliffs on either bank (cliffs in which great nests of guns had been hidden) and you wondered how those men ever took the Canal at all, but, in the face of the deadliest machine-gun fire, they scrambled across, in any way and in every way, storming the entrenchments on the opposite shore, thus helping to destroy, for good and all, the most important line of the enemy defences.

How much we longed to stop both at St. Quentin and at La Fère! In danger of forgetting the good fortune which had enabled me to be there at all, it seemed, for the moment, a cruel fate which obliged us to move almost uninterruptedly forward. I could not in reality, however, long ignore the fact that I was using valuable time so generously granted me by my Committee, so we did not yield to the temptation to linger, but sped on, plunging recklessly into the twilight intricacies of the Forêt de St. Gobain. We hoped to find the emplacement of one of the long-range guns which had bombed Paris from here, but we were quite unsuccessful, and we almost lost our way in the confusion of the small roads which run through it at every imaginable angle. So, at last, we definitely turned our faces toward Laon, and reached there just as night was falling—Laon with its cathedral set superbly on the crest of its hill, and with that marvellous view overlooking the great plain stretched out below.

The next day we entered the region lying between Laon and Reims, one I had long wished to go over as a kind of pilgrimage. The Heights of the Aisne had already been the centre of severe fighting both in 1914 and in 1917, when again, in 1918, Ludendorff had chosen it as the point at which he would attack the French who held this section of the front. It was this furious onslaught of his—at first overpowering the French and sweeping them from their position—which yet led up to the Second Battle of the Marne, and which proved to be the beginning of the end for the Germans. This was the country of the Chemin des Dames, so familiar, at least by name, to everyone in the world to-day; it was the country of the Craonne Plateau which has been the scene of campaigning for many centuries, but I do not suppose that at any time throughout the ages, it even approached in appearance what it looked like to me the day I passed over it. Of Craonne itself, about ten miles south of Laon, there seemed only a few scattered stones; of the Chemin des Dames, nothing at all remained. Every step of the way the bare, churned-up earth was a ghastly, chalky-white, the glare of which almost blinded you; there was no living tree in sight; craters and shell-holes yawned everywhere; a little rank grass, much rusty barbed wire; yet, in that solitary, unlovely wilderness, as though in memory of those who had died there, you could see, in sheltered spots, the loveliness of spring flowers growing—tiny, delicate clusters of them—like a miraculous raising of the dead; and now and again, the small enclosures of white crosses. I went into one of these, and passed among the graves, and, fastened to one of the crosses, below the *tricolore* and the fallen man's name, I saw a scrap of paper fluttering, and read the scribbled words: "*Adieu, adieu, les Français n'oublient pas.*" Of course, I have never known who attached them there, or when it was done, or why, but it was not a thing you were likely to forget. What the holding of that ground must have cost the French in blood and agony, was only too evident from

what you saw, no matter in which direction you looked, and with all my soul I wished that every man and every woman who had ever been guilty of even a touch of neutrality, could be seeing the things that I saw that day, and have them burnt into their memories for ever. Where should any of us be now, had it not been for men like that?

At length we reached Reims. There are no words to describe it—to describe the Cathedral, or what you felt when you looked at that which the Germans had done. The world knows all about it—and may the world *remember* what it knows!

It did not seem that we were long in passing through the country of the Marne—for, after Reims, you somehow felt that you had seen the end—and as, once more, I entered Paris after my long absence, and realized her apparent return to the old, brilliant life, I felt that, nevertheless, there would be many to whom the whole of France must for ever remain one vast, enduring monument to her dead.

Many years have gone by since the glory of those days—those days when, living on the brink of defeat, of despair, of extermination, we yet never surrendered—and still I seem to hear the haunting rhythm of millions of armed feet, marching, marching forward. It is night, and I stand in a waste and ravaged country, beside a torn, shell-shattered road bordered by shell-blasted, blackened trees, watching regiment after regiment going up the line. The faces of the men show signs of the long conflict; their uniforms are worn—stained with the smoke and toil of battle; their trench helmets are old and battered; their packs huge and heavy; yet those men move steadily on into the night toward the bleak and frost-bound trenches which await them; they move forward to take their places in the ever-sleepless lines—there, where the giant gun-flashes race across the sky; where the star shells rise and fall over the bitter desolation of No Man's Land; where the deep crimson flare of a signal—some lonely outpost in distress—stains the horizon like a splash of blood. But those men move unfalteringly on toward the thunder of the guns, toward the sure death which awaits them—they pass, and are lost in the night; the sound of those marching feet dies away in the distance. Another regiment comes up; the huge packs swing with the steady movement of strong feet; there is silence as they march, the silence of those who have set their faces to the enemy, and soon that regiment too has gone, has disappeared in the darkness. Then another regiment follows, and another, and another, and yet another—long swinging columns of grey-blue or of khaki, of khaki or grey-blue—they pass, and pass, and pass; and to me it seems as though they always will be passing—going up the line.

Sometimes as the dawn is breaking in the east, I close my eyes on that deepening splendour and recall to memory the splendour I have seen shining in the eyes of the countless men and boys I have known and loved in the Great War—men and boys who have fought to the death for their ideals, on land, on sea and in the air—and then I marvel that we of to-day can so soon have forgotten them;

that after the sublime heights to which the humblest of them fearlessly rose, we who are left can be content to sink back into the commonplace; to sink to the low and sordid levels of self-seeking and materiality. Did we take their gift only to toss it heedlessly to one side again—they who were so great of heart; they who gave so royally and without one backward look, their youth, their happiness, their *all?* And when the next war comes, as come it surely will, I ask myself what we, whose turn it will then be to act—what *we* are going to do? Having grasped so eagerly at what those others gave us—those men of unbroken spirit, they who, when they feared, pressed forward none the less—what shall *we* wish to give? Then, as I watch the growing splendour in the east, through the sweet and lovely freshness of the morning, from the great reaches of the sky where he was so truly at home, come ringing the deathless words of Georges Guynemer: "*Tant qu'on n'a pas tout donné, on n'a rien donné.*"

VOLUNTEER.

(*The End*)

The more we love, the more we desire to love; and the more we pay of that which love demands, the greater becomes our debt.—RUYSBROECK.

Help your brother, Mahomed said one day, whether he be the oppressor or the oppressed.

O Messenger of God, said someone to him, I would gladly assist my brother were he oppressed, but how can I aid the oppressor?

By preventing him from doing evil, was the reply.—E. D.

I have found that a man may do a great deal of good in the world, if only he does not care who gets the credit of it.—CERVANTES.

THE PATH OF BEAUTY

Wherever thou dost turn, He speaketh to thee by traces which He has impressed upon His works, and by the very form of outward things recalls thee, when sinking down to things outward.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

SOME one has said that the recognition of Truth brings with it a "Categorical Imperative", a force which compels one to be like unto it. This is true of the Arts, of that Beauty which is the form and manifestation of Truth.

Once in a while, we see such a manifestation, painting, drama or object, something so completely beautiful that we feel we can never depart from it, nor would we be other than it. This is the Categorical Imperative of Beauty.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we are told that at the beginning of the Manvantara, the High Gods descend on earth to impress upon the infant mind of humanity certain eternal truths, and that so potent is this impression that its vibration is never lost, but runs to the end of the cycle. This note sounded by the Manus flows like a fountain of sound, life-giving waters of immortality, whose waves pass through and over us, conscious or unconscious as we may be, an ocean in which we live as do the fish in the watery deeps. How did they make this impression, how sound this note? I often think of them, and I am sure it was by being, simply by being immortally Beautiful.

Sir James Jeans has declared that God is a mathematician. Others declare Him to be an engineer. Of course, we know that God is an artist. The Gods are artists and themselves the supreme works of art. That is why the life of a Master is a drama of the Mysteries and transcends the tragedies of Æschylus.

By that absolute loveliness we are transformed. We vibrate into conformity with it. That is why, to certain souls, beauty is the path to the Eternal. This loveliness, outside, and greater than ourselves, draws us on without thought of ourselves. We perish in it as we become it. It arouses in us a pure, impersonal love. This love is the fire which consumes our ugliness and re-creates us in its image. As we contemplate it, our consciousness is joy. Is not this what is said in the Upanishad: "How could anything live, how could anything breathe, if the heart of being were not joy?"

In all these forms it is Being itself which is beauty. Of the forms, indeed, it may be said, "Thine, verily, are chariots, thine are dance and song". Their transitory aspect is Death's; but Death is the great Initiator. By gazing upon the drama of the Mysteries one seizes its spirit, and by enacting it becomes immortal. "Not, verily, for love of all that is, is all this dear, but for the love of the divine Self is all that is, dear."

Ought we not constantly to look for and to search out that beauty? Would we not, rather, for is it not all joy? Plotinus has said, "He who has not

yet seen Truth desires it as the Good; he who has seen it desires it as the Beautiful".

In what unexpected spots do we find it!

I once read an article on the Royal Dancers of Cambodia. If one can judge by pictures and casts, the ancient Khmer art of Cambodia is second to none. Angkor Wat is one great mass of marvellous sculpture where are represented the evolutions of Gods, Men, Serpents and Celestial Beings. Among these Celestial Beings, the Divine Apsarases, the Heavenly Nymphs, are everywhere, dancing upon wall and balustrade. I have a cast of one before me as I write. Her hands and feet flower out into flames. She is crowned with a high crown and girdled with jewels, and she smiles the same mysterious smile which we see on the sculptured faces at Rheims. These Apsarases have lived and still live on earth in the Royal Dancers of Cambodia.

The article of which I speak was written by Georges Groslier, Director of Cambodian Arts, and it describes the way in which he was able to galvanize the dying Ballet into new life, to restore and preserve it for the world. The Ballet was declining rapidly. No rehearsals, no money, no organization. After a shockingly poor performance, the French, for Cambodia is a French protectorate, stepped in. Monsieur Groslier proposed to photograph every traditional pose in order, at least, to preserve that much of the art. He formed a commission composed of old men who understood the art, and of two old *maîtresses de ballet*. These were to regulate and to criticize the performance of the dancers who posed for the pictures.

Groslier found in these dancers themselves such a love of their art, such a pride in it, such devotion, that he was able to organize regular rehearsals of the whole *Corps de Ballet*, to inspire it with fire and to see it revive like a Phœnix from its ashes.

Is there not something touching and significant in the spectacle of the French rescuing the art of the Cambodians from decay? They, too, have protected Angkor Wat, and have loved it as the descendants of the sculptors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries should love it.

Now, the descriptions of the resuscitation of the Ballet are "*passionnant*", thrilling. The dancers, all women, are a part of the Royal Court. In the old days, all of them were princesses of the Blood, and virgins, for they represent the Heavenly Nymphs, and perform a sacred ritual. The ancient legends which they mime have four rôles, princes, princesses, monkeys and giants. Isn't that enchantingly suggestive? One is transported at once into a fairy world, that world where we moved in childhood.

Sometimes, one thinks that great art can be produced only within the confines of a rigid frame. Christian iconography did very well when the position of every figure was fixed by theology, and the inspirations of later painters have varied but not improved it. Cimabue is more interesting than Correggio. The personages of the Commedia dell 'Arte were limited, yet sufficient for all the rôles of Terence and Molière. Princes, princesses, monkeys and giants; what more do you want?

The Ballet rehearses. The musicians squat in the foreground. The dancing mistresses are all alert. Then, the princes come forward, four by four, four rows deep. Imagine four rows of princes, all clad in gold, with jewelled spiked helmets, gold girdles, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, shields. They come forward, and to the music and to the chanted words, they dance. The faces of the dancers, under their crowns of gold and garlands of flowers, are expressionless. Their thoughts are turned inward in a prodigious concentration of effort and memory. At the sound and word they must make the required movement infallibly, immediately, and this movement must not deviate from the Canon by a fraction of an inch. Groslier exclaims, "Ah, the hard labour, the severe preparation, the subtile sculpture!"

All these rôles must fit together. In a ballet where there appear two principal personages, four followers for the princess and four officers for the prince, each must choose exactly the right gesture for the sound and circumstance. Groslier says, "The same rigour of composition binds together these ten persons, and, if you are forewarned, you can see that at the moment the Prince makes a certain gesture, and that gesture only, the four officers raise their left hands. All the personages on the stage, whatever their number, know the particular rhythm (*horologerie*) which animates them, and also that which moves the others, since all these separate 'mechanisms', all interdependent, combine thus in one given circumstance and never in another."

"We see", says Groslier again, "the slow and fabulous filtering such an art has undergone before reaching a perfection so final and so living that the years, vicissitudes and generations piled up in its memory have not diminished its authority".

Now, the princesses come, three by three, slowly at first, with poses, then gliding along. Their gestures "seem to part fringes, branches, clouds". Then they seem to leave the earth and to fly in the air.

Perhaps this does not suggest to others, as it does to me, a whole world of divine beauty. When I evoke that ballet in my imagination, I see galaxies of stars like Shelley's "swarm of golden bees". I see the orderly revolutions of the planets, the turning of the spheres, the disciplined and rigorously set dance of the heavenly bodies, each one like a gold and jewel-decked Celestial Nymph performing her evolutions with love and precision, all interdependent, all replying to one another without hesitation, all with the marvellous beauty of a conscious work of art. This dance opens out illimitable vistas on the universe, by correspondence, and the Milky Way and Orion and his sons take on a significance unperceived before, something near, personal, living.

The dancers in the first row, who have no one to show them the movement, would fall down in a faint rather than make a mistake which those behind them might imitate. If we were to regard our duties as parts of a dance which we must execute promptly, exactly, gracefully, figures in the harmonious unrolling of a cosmic ritual, would it not enable us to perform them gaily, not as tasks but as works of art?

The most beautiful thing I have ever seen on the stage was Mei Lan Fang,

the great Chinese actor, in old Chinese plays. Mei Lan Fang plays only feminine rôles. He incarnates all the aspects of the "Eternal Feminine", all that is most charming, capricious, delicate and invincible. Seeing him, one wonders what has happened to the woman of to-day. But let us hastily leave this dangerous subject.

A princess speaks to her ladies in waiting. The princess is marvellously beautiful. Her black hair hangs below her knees. She wears embroidered robes, with a capelet of Imperial yellow fringed with tassels, and a great headdress hung with long ropes of pearls. Now and then, her hands, with their gold nail guards, appear as the trailing sleeves of her robe fall back. The graceful handling of the sleeve is an art. The ladies, lovely creatures as alike as two peas in a pod under their high crowns of trembling crimson balls, move without a sound, without a violent gesture, delicate, subdued, perfectly controlled, alert but effaced. The princess speaks to them and they answer, repeating her words, but in a lower voice and key, like a faint echo. Somehow, just that repeated sound conveyed to me something of the relations of the hierarchies, the Guruparampara Chain.

The princess, make no mistake, was not arrogant or imperious. She simply was someone superior. That little scene was the acme of elegance. The wonder of a society in which things are ordered with such refinement!

I have tried to remember something in Western drama that could be compared with it, and I have seen the Russian Ballet in all its splendour, and Mounet-Sully as Œdipus, but never have I seen anything which sounded so potently, for me, that note of compelling beauty.

It is futile to compare and measure beauties. Botticelli's Primavera need fear no rival. A *Famille Verte* vase is different but not inferior to Pæstum. However, these plays and the art of the Chinese theatre, set, also, in rigorous forms, conventions and symbols, lay before one a stage of civilization so far beyond our own that we realize our unlikeness, and languish in our exile. Is not the plane of consciousness of the Lodge of Masters such a state of civilization, such a place of poetry and loveliness? Do we not finally come to long for it passionately, from the darkness of the pit of our ugliness?

These dances and dramas which I have been describing are all man-made arts. Is not the beauty of Nature the production of the Absolute Artist and the paradigm of all other arts and forms? A Master says, "We but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works".

If the Categorical Imperative of Beauty is struck all too rarely by man, how constantly, how potently is it struck by earth, sky, water, trees and flowers. One can scarcely choose from out the wealth of memory a more lovely moment, a particular object. At this time, however, I remember seeing the Cactus flower. It was one of those perfect, warm Southern nights. The air was scented with the spice of innumerable desert plants, mints, absinth, tansy, sage. It was pure and silent with that vast silence of hundreds of miles of uninhabited mountains and deserts. The giant spires of cactus rose up among the enormous stars which seemed impaled upon their thorns. On these bare spikes opened

the cactus blossoms, white or rose, great petalled cups. Their perfume was poured out, as maidens, returned from the wells, pour water from their urns.

It was so beautiful that everything else ceased to be. One had no personality, no concerns, no psychic motions, no thoughts. Consciousness and this beauty became united. One was lifted into a state of simple being, of joy. One might have spent æons in such bliss, or did spend æons in a moment. "As a painting of divine bliss; a sculptured form of sovereign happiness; a grove of trees erectly standing."

Surely, the self-consciousness of those above us in the scale of evolution, the Masters, the Dhyani Buddhas, is fixed permanently in the contemplation of the Eternal Beauty, and vibrating with it, radiates its life. Once one has glimpsed that Beauty one must be delivered to its conquest. Nothing less can satisfy.

What is this mysterious quality of Beauty? How know it? How perceive it? Is it form? Is it known by the eye alone? Surely it is the shadow of the Divine Being which falls upon our consciousness from above, and is perceived first by the spirit and last by the eye.

Doubtless, the pursuance of the Path of Beauty is not without its dangers. One is always being told that its followers are liable to become attached to the mere concrete and outward form. Well, the Path of Goodness is not without its dangers, either, as all who have suffered the frightful ministrations of the well-intentioned can testify. Danger is our normal condition of life. We are in jeopardy every hour.

The effort of any one who follows an art or a religion must be the acquirement of Shankara's first qualification for chêlaship, discrimination between the mortal and the immortal. In a Buddhist text it is said, "Let me discern a passionate mind to be passionate, let me discern a mind free from passion to be free from passion, let me discern a mind full of hatred to be full of hatred, let me discern a mind free from hatred to be free from hatred, let me discern an infatuated mind to be infatuated, let me discern a mind free from infatuation to be free from infatuation, let me discern an intent mind to be intent."

One may well say, Let me discern an ugly picture to be ugly and a beautiful picture to be beautiful. Too many people think that if they are moved by a work it must be good. It probably is bad. As Goethe remarked: "Wonder-working images are nearly all poor works of art." That is because the part of our nature which is most easily moved is the surface. A poor work of art, being on that plane, moves it. The really profound influence of a beautiful work is generally upon planes where we are dense, little alive and self-conscious. More people are stirred by a cheap chromo than by a fresco by Giotto. They may say, "Oh, it isn't the form which moves me. It is the idea." Of course, in a hideous religious picture the idea may well move one. Nevertheless, the picture is still poor and can never carry one as far as would a beautiful picture which brings into manifestation the meditations upon the Spiritual world of a superior soul. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Is it the form which is our guide in judging an object? Form and Conscious-

ness are inseparable. That is why the constant discernment of forms can guide one to the consciousness behind them, must guide one there to have any life-giving inspiration, for consciousness is the life of all forms.

Or, does one start by discerning states of consciousness? The method of induction or of deduction, proceeding from particulars to universals or from universals to particulars? It would seem that Theosophy constantly employs both methods, correcting and confirming the one by the other. One must "gently, with much sagacity" observe form, conduct and manner, comparing them with principles and laws of nature, and as diligently meditate upon principles and laws, observing them in their manifestations. Of a truth, even in this terrene world, form and consciousness are one.

It is because we allow our senses to become so dull, our perceptions so gross, that we remain content with trivial things and cease to see divine Reality behind forms. One recalls St. Augustine's cry, "I was borne up to Thee by thy beauty and soon borne down from Thee by mine own weight, sinking with sorrow into these inferior things."

How often have we been told that when the perturbations of the personal life are stilled, we, becoming as an untarnished mirror, reflect the untroubled consciousness of the Spiritual World. Face to face with Being, we see Beauty; nay, we shall become Beauty, for the desire of evolution and of our hearts is not to see from afar, but to incarnate the God.

"This world is the expression of the thought of the Eternal, therefore all Being, everywhere, is the Eternal; thus behold it in all modes of being with serene understanding illumined by the Higher Self. That Being which is everywhere beheld apart from form by those possessing vision, what else can be the Soul's garden of delight, for the righteous knower of the Eternal?"

SAUVAGE.

To love is *Beauty*.—ANON.

Since, O my soul, thou art capable of God, woe to thee if thou content thyself with anything less than God.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

DISCERNMENT

Spiritual Discernment is what is most wanted.—H. P. Blavatsky.

MR. JOHNSTON, in the opening sentence of the Introduction to his translation of Shankara Acharya's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, states: "Literally rendered, the title is The Crest Jewel of Discernment". He adds: "Viveka is the winnowing of wheat from chaff, the discerning of spiritual reality, veiled by the mirage of the world's appearances".

By translating the Sanskrit, Viveka, as Discernment, Mr. Johnston has virtually created for us in the West a term so rich in content, that a familiar English word, by association with Eastern philosophy and occultism, is raised into a higher sphere of meaning, and becomes an open sesame into new regions of thought and experience. The second verse of the *Crest Jewel* presents the theme of the whole treatise in a single phrase: "Discernment between the Divine Self and that which is not the Self". This fully accomplished, there results, not simply, we are told, an intellectual clarification, but, on the one hand, "liberation" from all that binds to the lower, the manifested, and the perishable,—the not-Self; and, on the other, "fully realized union with the Eternal Self". This is a stupendous statement, and one perhaps hard for Western minds to apprehend. Nevertheless, *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*—that Wisdom which is Theosophy itself—boldly presents the Path to us in a term familiar to our everyday experience, and yet extending upward tc illimitable heights. Therefore we are told that we may, by the right exercise of a present, though perhaps largely latent, faculty, dispel "the mirage of this world's appearances", rid ourselves of the net-work of illusions or delusions which we have woven by imagination, thought, and will about the spiritual man within, and so claim our inheritance as sons of God.

When highly trained lawyers, together with militant sceptics and materialists, came to the great Western Master, and asked of him incontrovertible proofs—a sign from heaven—that his authority was not a pose, but that his teaching was truly "authoritative", he met their demand with withering irony: "When it is evening you say, Fair weather, for the sky is red. Or in the morning, Foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowring. You know how to discern the face of the sky, but you are not able to discern the signs of the times. An evil and adulterous generation looks for a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it except the sign of Jonah. And he left them" (cf. Matt. 16: 1-4).

Nineteen hundred years of deeper penetration into Kali Yuga does not seem to have improved the Discernment between the Real and the unreal of lawyers, scientists, and the official priesthoods—as, perhaps, modern interpretations of the sign of Jonah—lay and clerical alike—sufficiently demonstrate, to use one illustration only. Nor is Discernment a term, or an idea, generally familiar in Western or Christian religious thought, though, of course, the exercise of this

faculty is implicit in all genuine spiritual teaching. For this very reason, a study of the *Crest Jewel*, and an assimilation of the meaning of the term Discernment, is of special value, and will throw a richer light not only on Western Scriptures, but on our own immediate experience and needs. For the *Crest Jewel* tells us that, of the four qualifications enumerated "by those possessing wisdom" which are necessary to secure "a firm foothold in the Real",—"*First* is counted Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal" (v. 19).

Since the word Discernment is often misused in English, and confused with discrimination, it will be well to examine its ordinary connotations, as these are suggestive. When Mohini Chatterji, using of course a foreign language, made an English translation of the *Crest Jewel* for *The Theosophist* in 1885, he rendered the word Viveka, discrimination; and where Mr. Johnston wrote: "Discernment between the Divine Self and that which is not the Self", Mohini used the phrase: "The spiritual knowledge which discriminates between spirit and non-spirit". This circumlocution not only confines Discernment to spiritual knowledge (excluding its complement, spiritual will), but to one function only even of spiritual knowledge itself, and so reveals the need for further precision of thought. The difference between the two terms, Discernment and discrimination, is a fundamental one. We discriminate by making differences, by separating things confused together or commingled. The process ends there. We discern by *seeing* apart from all other objects, or through them. Discrimination directs its attention and interest towards the objects or ideas considered, and without these it could not function. Discernment draws down, or incarnates, an innate faculty of the understanding, and exercises it by means of, or through, the objects or ideas under consideration; but it is of itself eternal in its nature. So: "When the question is to estimate the real qualities of either persons or things, we exercise *discernment:* . . . when the question is to determine the proportions and degrees of qualities in persons or things, we must use *discrimination*" (Crabbe); and again: "Of *discernment* we say that it is clear; it serves to remove all obscurity and confusion: . . . of *discrimination*, we say that it is nice; it renders our ideas accurate".

It is obvious, therefore, that in the ordinary dictionary use of the terms, discrimination is a secondary or derived function; that it is essentially dual, or manasic; and that one can discriminate differences between things without any real exercise of Discernment at all. To discern, while it implies the employment of a due measure of discrimination, is in its very nature a higher faculty, and is concerned with discrimination only in so far as the latter serves the higher purpose—viz., that of estimating "the real qualities of either persons or things". This last, discrimination cannot do, though the term is constantly misused in just this sense, instead of Discernment. Because Discernment *sees*, there is an inner constructive or synthetic quality about its exercise, lacking in discrimination. So Mr. Johnston's illustrations are true analogies: wheat is not merely winnowed to be separated from chaff, but to be harvested for the use of man; and a veil is pierced to see what lies on the farther side, not simply to rend the veil.

Mr. Judge once wrote: "True discernment is an office of the human under-

standing. In and of itself it is a passive, though by no means a negative, quality. . . . Discernment belongs to the judgment of man as to qualities and things" (*The Path*, V, p. 314). To bring the faculty of Discernment, therefore, from its passive condition into full activity, is to fulfil the first of the four qualifications for chêlaship. In one sense it is to render Buddhi active. Therefore, Discernment cannot be limited to an intellectual perception, to a manasic faculty, alone. Discrimination, which is manasic, can be exercised without Discernment; Discernment uses discrimination. The eye of an artist may not only distinguish but discriminate between correctness of line or shades of colour, but he may fail in the higher appreciation of quality and meaning: "It is in the discernment of place, of time, and of person that the inferior artists fail", suggested Macaulay (*Machiavelli*),—or in inner realities rather than in "proportions and degrees".

The nearest synonyms, therefore, to Discernment, would seem to be insight and judgment; and all three are given as synonyms of Wisdom. But Discernment is the most penetrating of the three, and comes closest to its source because the most comprehensive of them all. Judgment involves the power of forming decisions; insight indicates the direction in which judgment should act; Discernment completes both qualities, directing insight as a mental faculty, and impelling to wise action on the moral side where judgment functions. A man of Discernment will both judge and discriminate rightly; but a man can both judge and discriminate without Discernment. In the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, held canonical and widely read and studied throughout the first thousand years among Christians, Christ's answer is recorded to Pilate's question "What is Truth?"—"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? Jesus said, Truth is from heaven. Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth. Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those who, when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth, and form a right judgment" (iii, 11-14). A little reflection will show that to be governed by truth requires Discernment—which Pilate lacked, though he proved that he could discriminate between innocence and false accusations.

We see, therefore, that as Discernment passes from its passive, or latent, aspect, into activity, it uses both intellect and will, both mind and heart, both discrimination and judgment. But its true function must not be confused with the activities of its instruments, when it *is* active,—something the Western mind is prone to do. Nor should the range of its exercise be limited. A correspondence is complete from the highest to the physical planes; therefore a precise definition is difficult to formulate. But the range of its exercise need not be limited. On the lower side there are commonplace examples, such as "men who have lost the faculty of discerning colours, and who never", wrote Newman, "by any exercise of reason, can make out the difference between white and black". This simple truth is quaintly set forth in a verse of Sir J. Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum:*

> For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
> Yet colours give them not their power of sight;
> So, though these fruits of sense her objects bee,
> Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

A man must consciously possess his own "proper light", must have evolved this "office of the human understanding", in order to see, in order to discern, on lower, and then on higher, planes. "But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Of the higher, St. Paul wrote: "Now the psychic man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he *cannot* know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (I Cor. ii. 14). And we are told that it is "A wise man's *heart* (that) discerneth both time and judgment" (Eccle. viii. 5).

Therefore, since we all have the ability to exercise Discernment to a greater or less extent on lower planes already, it is only a question of recognizing this fact, and its significance, to undertake raising ordinary Discernment—or perhaps one should say Discernment in ordinary things—to spiritual Discernment, or Discernment in spiritual things. The faculty is the same; which is another way of saying that any faculty is an aspect of one of the human principles; and Discernment, when active, seems to be a phase of Buddhi active. If the law of Correspondences be true, and the Universe fundamentally one, what else can even ordinary eyesight be than an activity, however veiled, of Buddhi?

Returning now to the *Crest Jewel*, it is obvious that we are here receiving instruction in how to appreciate the value, and extend the exercise, of Discernment throughout the whole range of life, so that in all things we may come to discern between the Real and the unreal, between "the Divine Self and that which is not the Self". When we awake to some realization of our true place in the great Cosmic order, we find ourselves already a part of the complex mayavic picture which nature has thrown up on the screen of time, and to which we ourselves are contributing. Moreover, at least intellectually we have been led to accept the proposition that this so solid seeming world is but a "shadow-world"—a reflection of a greater Reality within. Discernment is the faculty which will enable us to *know* this for ourselves. That which we call ourselves, our bodies, our thoughts, our feelings, our likes and dislikes, form a part of this purposed but nevertheless illusionary process. To disentangle the Real from the unreal, to learn to recognize the Divine Self from all that is not-Self, are the first requisites. At a certain point in our evolution we are told, or we read with sympathy, or a deep-seated instinct tells us, that behind "the mirage of the world's appearances"—and inside our own field of consciousness as well as outside—there is an Absolute Reality, "without variableness neither shadow of turning", of which we are a part in our deepest nature, or more truly, with which we are one, and which lies at the heart of all our life, all our experience, all our love. The riddles of life, the illusions of life, the changes and chances of life melt away into relative non-existence when once that oneness is claimed and is made to surcharge our whole field of consciousness, instead of lying buried in hidden depths, wrapped in veil upon veil of appearances. The first qualification on the Path of chêlaship is to make this proposition our own to the point that we recognize the futility of ordinary life lived for ordinary human ends and aims, and not only determine, but prefer and desire to find the Heart of the Universe,

to realize in full that which we have hitherto only divined in part, to enter into our royal inheritance as sons of God.

Now though it is quite obvious that this is a grand and beautiful thesis, it is absurd to suppose that a mere assertion of its mental acceptance will at once achieve the desired result. The very next event on life's great calendar of successive events will test our ability to discern the Divine Self from that which is not the Self, both in the quality and meaning of the outer happening itself, and in our own reactions to it;—and probably initial failures to see and understand will meet us at every turn. But we shall already be in a position to meet these recurring experiences in a new spirit, because we shall at first deliberately, and then automatically, seek to look below the surface, to divine their meaning, to search after their *quality*, and not merely their degrees and proportions. Our concern will no longer be solely with how *bad* is our toothache, but what *is* a toothache; why toothaches at all; what can and should one learn from one's own and other peoples' toothaches; what does Life (or Karma=the Lords of Karma) teach by means of toothaches,—and so on, with everything submitted to a new and searching test, from brushing one's teeth to the conscientious consideration of the relative merits, if any, of laughing gas and hypodermic injections. Soon we gain a new light on that statement, "The unnecessary is the immoral".

It is at this point that the *Crest Jewel* meets the student. The very consideration of such problems inevitably results in a changed attitude towards them, so that a number of preliminary misconceptions (based usually on crude selfishness) are almost certainly removed, which "bind" one to definite and inferior feelings and actions—and by just so much is "liberation" achieved. This is within everyone's experience. By extension, the same exercise of Discernment applied to the whole, instead of to just a fragment of manifested life, will bring about "liberation" from the whole of manifestation,—and union with the Divine Self ensues. The average Westerner has an ingrained notion that if he lives a moral, upright life, his immortal future (if any?) is secure, and that he need not bother about theological niceties or profound philosophical considerations. They are insoluble anyhow; even the specialists disagree. The practical, pragmatic test is enough for him; so long as society keeps its head and travels along on an even keel, that, he feels, is the most that can in fairness be expected. Life and nature are too complex to require more of mortal man. He is not at all worried about "that self of his which is sunk in the ocean of recurring life and death" (v. 9); he is interested in his (that self's) bread and butter (with as much jam as possible), and in getting plenty of each. But the *Crest Jewel* makes clear at the outset that this whole viewpoint and attitude are wrong and stultifying. "Works [even *good* works] make for the cleansing of the heart, but *not* for the attaining of the Real; the gaining of the Real comes through discernment—not even by myriads of works is it gained" (v. 11; cf. vv. 447-450). In other words, just endless living, myriads of successive experiences in innumerable recurring lives, however good, will never automatically insinuate us by easy stages, or even catapult us, in some final spring, into the Real, or weld us into

conscious union with the Divine Self. Something more than just living as best we can, however successful, is necessary to free us from the Wheel of Life. There is something additional we ourselves must initiate, must of ourselves do about it; something we can begin at any point in time, or can postpone doing almost indefinitely. That something is to "practise discernment". The manifested Universe came from the Real; if we, clearly in manifestation, succeed in eliminating from our consciousness (which is the true medium of manifestation) the whole of manifestation, by recognizing its illusionary nature, what is left but the Real? If it is *we* who do this, *we* are the Real, and pure Consciousness has become pure Self-Consciousness: the self has become the Self.

The hitherto occult teachings given out by Madame Blavatsky at the direction of the Masters, all tend to make clearer just this fundamental thesis of the *Crest Jewel*. For example, *The Secret Doctrine* tells us that man as now constituted appeared on earth toward the end of the third Root Race some 18,000,000 years ago. That means, perhaps, that we have all had already approximately eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty incarnations, with quite an exhausting number—if viewed in their dreary details—of births, deaths, wives, husbands, children, wars, broken bones, toothaches, snake-bites, prayers, tears, sins, repentances, and even the last word in fashionable hats. Therefore, by means of this teaching, it already becomes easier to see that: "Through discernment of the Real it is perceived that the imagined serpent is only a rope; and thus the painful fear of the great serpent, conjured up by illusion, is finally destroyed" (v. 12). What is said of the serpent and the rope applies with equal force to wives and husbands, toothaches, snake-bites, and the rest. But though the theory may be clear, its thorough application is by no means easy. We see a rope and mistake it for a snake, and we run away in a panic. We see a damsel and imagine she is a "soul-mate", and perhaps we do not run away. The difference lies in the fact that we dislike fear and pain, and hence are prepared at once to co-operate with Karma in dispelling that particular illusion, but are by no means always on the side of Karma (in its highest aspect, of course) in ourselves desiring to dispel the illusions anent fairy princesses. Worldly love is notoriously blind, and many a man will not permit himself to examine the credentials of Princess Bright Eyes, because he does not wish to have his illusions shattered, and to discover that said Princess is perhaps—a rope. If it seems easier to dispel the fear aroused by mistaking a rope for a snake than the feelings about a fairy princess and so forth, Theosophy—or right teaching—comes to our rescue and suggests that we think back over eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty incarnations (since the separation of the sexes), stand all those "soul-mates" (black, brown, yellow, red, white) in a row, as it were, up in the sky; recall, to help make the picture vivid, the considerable extension of a whole battalion of soldiers spread out in line for review, and "practise discernment". "The certain knowledge of the goal comes only through discernment awakened by right teaching. . . . circumstances, such as place and time, merely co-operate in the result. Therefore, let him who would know the Real *practise* discernment,

finding a Master who is a river of compassion, an excellent knower of the Eternal" (vv. 13-15).

Nevertheless, to some this whole method may at first seem too simple a "way out", almost like a trick. When a rope in the grass gives you a start, it is true that all fear dissipates when you realize that it is a rope, not a snake. But home, wife, children, financial difficulties, aching teeth, and so forth, do not dissipate in the same easy way, when you not only agree with "right teaching", but positively assert that they are all illusion, maya, a "shadow-world". The tooth still aches, and dividends are still omitted. It is like Faith. Faith, we are told, and we believe, can say to a mountain, "Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove", but we find ourselves somewhat like the woman who determined to put this to the test, and yet when she got up in the morning and looked out of the window to see if her fervent prayer of the night before had been answered, involuntarily exclaimed, "I knew right along it would still be there!" Woman and mountain were equally illusion; the trouble was that that potential centre of stupendous, and self-conscious cosmic forces, the woman, was so wrapped up in the illusion, among others, of her own limitations, created by herself through ages, and of a mountain's imperviousness to human wishes, that she was spiritually impotent and also totally lacking both in Discernment and in a sense of humour. In other words, removing a mountain by faith is, practically, "foolishness" to the "psychic man". He cannot even conceive how it is done, because such things are "spiritually discerned". Nevertheless, the very recognition of this last fact, instead of its denial, is an evidence of a rudimentary Discernment. One cannot begin to "seek the Eternal" at all, until so much is recognized. And this once recognized, the dawn of spiritual Discernment has brightened the man's horizon. So the *Crest Jewel* adds that then: "He is fitted to seek the Eternal, who has discernment, freedom from self-indulgence, quietude and the other virtues, and who ardently desires liberation" (v. 18).

With this minimum degree of Discernment as a starting point, the Path can be entered. The whole logic of life, and of the mutations of our thousands of lives, has led us to one fundamental realization: "The Divine Eternal is real, the world is illusion: a complete certainty of this is declared to be Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal" (v. 20). To this at first intellectual understanding, and because of this, we gradually learn to add the remaining three qualifications: Freedom from self-indulgence; then the Six Virtues,—Quietude, Control, "the excellent Cessation", Endurance, Faith, and Concentration; and finally, "The ardent Desire for Liberation". The *Crest Jewel* adds significantly: "Where this ardent Desire is present even in a weak or modified degree, increasing through ceasing from self-indulgence, through quietude and the other virtues, and through the grace of the Master, it will bear fruit" (v. 29). So a minimum of Discernment starts us upon the Path, and treading the Path brings "fruit", and that fruit is "Knowing through the Scriptures, through right reasoning, through meditative experience, that thy true Self is the Self of all". This known, we "make an end of resting in the false self, which is built up by the play of deceptive appearances" (v. 283). In other words, Discernment

leads one to undertake the Path, and treading in the Path leads to further Discernment, and so on.

It requires a certain degree of concentration and practice on the part of the Western mind not to feel, after a point is reached in the argument of the *Crest Jewel*, that the results to be obtained from practising Discernment, or which are promised to it, cannot really flow from the premises. It seems as if a jump must have been made somewhere, which escaped detection as we read. How can applying the process set forth in the simple and obvious analogy of the rope versus the snake lead, for example, to this: "From the discernment that 'I am the Eternal', works heaped up through hundreds of millions of ages are dissolved, as dream-works on waking" (v. 449)? Does this not seem like side-stepping Karma? Is it really possible that so great a result could follow from such a simple start,—or at least, from a start which could be so simply stated? In a way the *Crest Jewel* seems to recognize this difficulty, because eight successive times, at the crucial point in the chain of reasoning, we are brought back to this unescapable analogy, the rope and the snake. "A false imagination created by error is not conclusive proof. . . . The appearance as the separate self, of the Self, the Seer, who is without qualities, without form, essential wisdom and bliss, arises through the delusion of the understanding; it is not real; when the delusion passes, it exists no longer, having no substantial reality. Its existence, which is brought into being through false perception, because of delusion, lasts only so long as the error lasts; as the serpent in the rope endures only as long as the delusion; when the delusion ceases, there is no serpent" (vv. 197-200). It may be well, therefore, to return repeatedly to the beginning of the treatise, and to make sure that the foundation of the argument is fully grasped.

It may also help in making our own the full significance of this teaching, and in realizing the opportunities that lie within it of opening vista upon vista to our conscious perception of the spiritual world, if we translate from Hindu to Christian terms, and back again. Christian teaching is full of suggestions, without, however, the explicit development of Hindu thought. Only an indication of this can be given here. Apart from St. Ignatius' famous treatment of the *Discernment of Spirits*, Christian mystics and mystical theologians have approximated the Eastern idea in many instances, which are of great interest for comparative study. Thomas Aquinas declared, for example, that the life of contemplation is "The discernment of God by the spiritual senses". St. Thomas states this as the end, or goal, of mystical contemplation, which in its turn is the highest kind of life; but philosophically it does not reach so high as the "I am the Eternal", or "Thou art That" of a more rigorously logical and discerning Eastern philosophy. Similarly, and still with a certain limitation, St. Bernard wrote: "There are two kinds of transport in mystical contemplation: the one in the intellect, the other in the heart; the one in light, the other in fervour; the one in discernment, the other in devotion". Scaramelli defined the *infused* (as distinct from the *acquired*) gift of "supernatural intuition" as: "An instinct or a light given by the Holy Spirit to discern correctly, in oneself or in others, the principle from which the soul's interior movements proceed; whether it is

good or bad". Perhaps, on the whole, Christianity is richest in practical direction, rather than in philosophic rationale, and for the more fundamental steps in practising Discernment, one can turn to a wealth of literature, such as Faber's *Growth In Holiness*, especially chapter XI: "From the discernment of mortal sin we come to that of venial sin, from venial sin to imperfections, from imperfections to less perfect ways of doing perfect things, and from that to a delicate perception of the almost invisible infidelities which grieve the Holy Spirit within us". Or we can go back to that extraordinary Eastern Christian mystic, Ephraim the Syrian (4th century), who wrote: "If thou canst wisely discern, change thou not Time for time, that which abides for that which abides not, that which ceases not for that which ceases, nor truth for lying, nor body for shadow, nor that which is in season for that which is out of season, nor the Time for the times. Collect thy mind, let it not wander among vanities which profit not". Each of these, and many others, teach one phase of the subject, or tell of the successive steps through which the disciple must pass; but each also in a measure fails to penetrate to the heart of the subject except by implication—an implication which Eastern teaching sets forth explicitly.

It is the peculiar genius of the Oriental conception, therefore, to apply that which is true of the part, to the whole; and to point out that since no one portion of the manifested can be conceived as Ultimate Reality, therefore the aggregate of all of manifestation cannot be Ultimate Reality. From this it follows that if we can rid ourselves of the illusion of mistaking any portion of the unreal for the Real, it is a logical necessity that we can rid ourselves from mistaking the whole of the unreal for the Real,—resting, therefore, or centring, our consciousness in the Real alone. The ability to free ourselves from one illusion involves the ability to free ourselves from all illusion; the capacity to discern in one instance involves the capacity to discern in all. Moreover, illusion itself is created by our Self—viz., the self by the Self,—in the beginning to manifest the Self, so as later to establish the Self in full self-consciousness, having come to see and know itself in its reflections. To abide in the reflection, declaring it to be the Real, would be to act like children who are carried away by their own games, and who actually hang the diminutive pirate when he is captured.

The whole of the *Crest Jewel* is a study of Consciousness; and Discernment is presented as a primary function of Consciousness. "Not by Yoga nor by Sankhya, not by works nor by knowledge, but only through *awakening* to the oneness of one's true Self with the Eternal, does liberation come, and in no other way" (v. 58). This awakening, an awakening of consciousness, is essential. How is it to be brought about? How is that of which we are not yet conscious to be brought to consciousness? First, by *discerning* so far as we can. Where we do see the truth (the Real), we must be "governed by truth" (the Real)—"therefore the reality of the divine Self should be sought earnestly from one who knows the real (v. 62). . . . Sickness does not depart by speaking of medicine unless the medicine be drunk; liberation comes not through speaking of the Eternal without immediate experience of the Eternal (v. 64). . . . So through the teaching of one who knows the Eternal, through careful thought and medi-

tation, is to be gained the pure truth of the divine Self, concealed by the working of glamour, and not through subtle reasoning (v. 66).... By constant obedience to the Self, the mind of him who seeks union is conquered and the impress of outer desires fades away" (v. 279). So we have the old and familiar direction—Obedience. But the *Crest Jewel* tells us that while Discernment is the fruit of Obedience, it is also the cause of a more complete Obedience, as we gain recognition of the truth—the categorical imperative—of that which we should obey. And the *Crest Jewel* points out that we ourselves become that which we obey, just as the lieutenant, by obeying his colonel, comes to understand a colonel's responsibility, and finally may become himself a colonel.

It is a fundamental point, therefore, that the whole method of teaching of the *Crest Jewel* is that of analogy, through the Law of Correspondences. As above, so below; as below, so above. If we wish to "practise Discernment", we must exercise ourselves in seeking correspondences,—and not only in intellectual matters, such as between, let us say, the human principles and the principles of physical nature (as in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 593), but throughout the range of our entire experience of life. Life is Karma; and Karma is not a dead, mechanical thing, but living; it is an expression of the will and thought and desire of the great Lords of Karma working on our own accumulated will and thought and desire, and all directed to the one end of helping us to discern between the Real and the unreal, between the Divine Self and that which is not the Self, so that we may escape from the false, and enter consciously into the true. Surely, if we succeed, we shall not be side-stepping Karma, but fulfilling Karma. In the very beginning it was said "Let there be Light"—and there was light. So also shall there be light throughout the ages. Our attitude should be to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. "Therefore, discerning this supreme reality of the Self, in its own nature the sum of bliss, shake off the delusion built up by thine own thoughts, free thyself, attain, awake!" (v. 474).

S.

Sorrow not, Ananda. Have I not said to you, "In all things dear and delightful there is the element of change, of separation"? How then can it be possible, Ananda, that what is born, what has come to be, what is put together, what is of nature to crumble away, should fail to crumble away! It cannot be!—DIGHA NIKAYA.

All supernatural desires, which we simply enjoy, without practically corresponding to them, leave us in a worse state than they found us.—FABER.

MAHAYANA BUDDHISM

I. The Bodhisattva Doctrine

Joy unto ye, O Men of Myalba.
A Pilgrim hath returned back "from the other shore".
A new Arhan is born.—The Voice of the Silence

MANY Northern Buddhists believe that when the Buddha began to preach, he intended to give forth at once the whole of spiritual truth. In this mood he delivered the teaching transmitted by the mystical *Avatamsaka Sutra*. Then, perceiving that he was not understood, he abruptly changed his tactics. Thenceforth, he divulged only that portion of the truth which his auditors could assimilate, reserving the complete revelation until his disciples had fitted themselves to receive it.

This account of the Buddha's method of instruction bears a certain likeness to the tradition recorded by Madame Blavatsky, that the Buddha left two bodies of doctrine, the exoteric and the esoteric. These do not differ in essence, for they were formulated by the same genius, but they make their appeal to different principles of the human being. As has been said, the one speaks to "the eye", and the other to "the heart".

According to this division, the exoteric "eye doctrine" has been primarily identified with the Hinayana School, the "Lesser Vehicle", which has prevailed in Ceylon, Burma, and Siam. It is founded upon the public sermons of the Buddha and upon the general rules of conduct which he laid down to guide the neophyte in his efforts to rid himself of sin and illusion. The motives of the average Hinayana sectarian may be said to resemble those which inspire the average member of a Christian Church. As the more or less pious Christian anticipates as a reward of his piety a future of everlasting bliss in Heaven, so the Hinayana Buddhist accepts the prescriptions of the Buddha as a means to final liberation from physical existence, with its inevitable accompaniment of sorrow. This is not incompatible with a high degree of religious exaltation. Both exoteric Buddhism and exoteric Christianity have their saints and martyrs who have proved their devotion and charity in life and in death. Multitudes in the West have prostrated themselves in love and gratitude at the foot of the Cross; and multitudes in the East have taken refuge in the Buddha, drawn to him not merely by the desire for personal salvation but by veneration for the splendour of his compassion.

It is said that esoteric Buddhism, like esoteric Christianity, assimilates to itself what is real and true in the exoteric version, but that the dominant motive of its votaries is altogether *sui generis*. Doubtless, the term "esoteric" must be used with extreme caution, for one can judge the hidden teaching of the Buddha only by published fragments of it, which, being now public property,

have ceased to be esoteric, in the strict sense of the word. The fragments, to which in particular we refer, are to be found scattered through the writings of Madame Blavatsky, notably in the foot-notes of *The Voice of the Silence*.

It is significant that Madame Blavatsky interpreted *The Voice of the Silence* and many passages of *The Secret Doctrine*, in terms borrowed from the Mahayana *Sutras*. This does not imply, of course, that the Mahayana, in its actual state, is synonymous with esoteric Buddhism. For centuries a number of sects, generally described as Mahayana, have been established in Tibet, Mongolia, China, Korea, and Japan. Not all of them are of a high spiritual order; some of them are so deeply involved in tantric magic, that it is hard to recognize in them an affiliation with any form of Buddhism, esoteric or exoteric. But in spite of the "confusion of tongues", one can find evidence of a genuine line of apostolic succession, beginning with the "authors" of the great *Sutras* and descending through the Chinese Patriarchs and the Zen Masters. It is only with this phase of the Mahayana that we are concerned in these articles. It would seem to be related to another phase, represented by the Gelugpas or "Yellow Caps" of Tibet (cf. *The Voice of the Silence*, pp. 54, 57).

The pure Mahayana, the "Great Vehicle", echoes the ideal of selfless devotion which is the nucleus of the "Heart-Doctrine", as this is unfolded in *The Voice of the Silence*. It is based upon *aryajñana*, the noble knowledge, the science of awakening "the supreme wisdom whereby one is enabled to look into the deepest recesses of consciousness in order to grasp the inmost truth hidden away from the sight of ordinary understanding" (D. T. Suzuki: *Studies in the Lankavatara Sutra*, p. 389).[1] It is the Bodhisattva Doctrine. The word "Bodhisattva" may be translated as "he whose being is transformed into wisdom". A Bodhisattva is an aspirant of any degree who is in process of becoming a Buddha of Compassion; and the Bodhisattva Doctrine purports to be a description of the laws of that process. The motive of the true Mahayana devotee is, therefore, not personal liberation from the dominion of suffering, nor is it the bliss of personal enlightenment. He seeks to share the age-long ordeal of the Buddhas who work for the ultimate salvation and enlightenment of all sentient creatures, and who refuse to enter Nirvana alone. The goal of the Mahayana is nothing less than Buddhahood itself.

The Bodhisattva Doctrine may be read "between the lines" of the Pali scriptures of so-called Primitive Buddhism. It is clearly hinted in the cycle of Birth Stories, which describe the previous incarnations of Sakyamuni, whose culminating life as a "World-Saviour" is represented as the fulfilment of the vow to save mankind that he made centuries earlier in the presence of another Buddha.

However, the Doctrine only became explicit after the public organization of the first Mahayana School in India, apparently during the First Century A.D.,

[1] Unless otherwise specified, all quotations in this article are taken from this book. This admirable work is not only a commentary upon one of the greatest *Sutras:* it is a very lucid exposition of the general principles of the Mahayana. The author interprets his subject from the point of view of the Japanese Zen School, but reveals no sectarian bias. The present writer wishes to take this opportunity to express to Dr. Suzuki his gratitude and indebtedness.

about six hundred years after the Buddha. The early work of the School is especially associated with the name of Nagarjuna, one of the greatest of Indian philosophers, whom Madame Blavatsky describes as an Arhat or Adept, and whom many Northern Buddhists regard as "one of the four suns which illumine the world". The immediate purpose of Nagarjuna and his disciples seems to have been to check the tendency of the official Buddhist philosophers to reduce the Buddha's teaching to a rigid, dogmatic system. The Buddha's words had been given a dead-letter sense, and the details of his doctrine had been submitted to a process of dialectical hair-splitting and scholastic analysis. Like the "schoolmen" of all ages, the Hinayana doctors were obsessed by the notion that, to know a thing, it is sufficient to give it a name and to insert that name in a catalogue. They were so busy with the invention of a nomenclature that they had little leisure to consider the realities upon which the Buddha had insisted.

The Mahayana sages made no attempt to overturn the simple exoteric system which the Buddha had devised for the mass of his followers, but they vigorously denounced the efforts of the doctors to classify states of being of which they knew nothing, and to set definite limits to the ideal of Buddhist attainment. In a sense, the early Mahayana was primarily a movement of reform, a return to "first principles", and its exponents could appeal in self-defence to the authority of the Buddha himself. Sakyamuni steadfastly refused, for example, to describe in positive terms the state of consciousness denoted by the word, Nirvana. He discouraged the discussion of questions "which tend not to enlightenment", and to which the human mind with its present store of experience can propose no real answer, for it cannot even imagine adequately the subjects of the questions. How can anyone explain the nature of Nirvana, unless both he and his auditors have had some personal experience of it?

The Mahayana teachers insisted, above all, upon the experience of truth as a preliminary to the knowledge of it. Though they accepted the authority of the scriptures, they insisted that these should be used primarily as subjects for meditation, as guides to inner experiment; for if a scripture be read only for mental amusement, it is of no more value than a romance. Some went further, denying that the scriptures were authoritative in any sense. We find the Chinese teacher, Hsuanchien, saying that "the twelve divisions of the Tripitaka are only lists of ghosts and sheets of papers". Even as regards the *Sutras* which were most cherished, it was affirmed that they were like a finger pointing to the moon; when the moon is discerned, the seer no longer looks at the finger.

"*Dhyana* [i.e. meditation] cannot be understood by the definitions of the wise", said Bodhidharma. "Dhyana is a man's successful seeing into his own fundamental nature" (Dwight Goddard: *A Buddhist Bible*, p. 26). This ideal of "inner self-realization" (*pratyatmagocara*) is most clearly stated in the *Lankavatara Sutra*, but it is to be found as a connecting thread in all the great Mahayana scriptures. The Buddha is distinguished from the unregenerate man, because he knows truth by direct perception and does not depend upon words or mind-images or logical inferences. To know the Universe by means of this immediate intuition of one's inner Self, is to realize the identity of the being

of the Universe with the being of the inner Self. It is *paranishpanna*, the only real knowledge, in which the knower is fully aware that the world conceived as a thing external to the personal self is nothing but a phantom having no existence apart from the mind. This does not mean that the knower of the inner Self regards his personal self as any more real than the objective world, for he perceives it to be only an illusion generated by "unwisdom" and by chaotic energy or "desire". Although the terminology is different, the Mahayana doctrine of inner self-realization reaches the same conclusion as the *Atmabodha* of Shankara Acharya, with its affirmation of the indissoluble union of the *Atman*, the Higher Self of man, with the *Brahman*, the Eternal.

The Mahayana is insistent in its testimony that nothing which appears to be concrete and objective is seen as it really is, even though in one sense every phenomenon may be said to symbolize or to encompass a reality. One can begin to understand why the Buddha refused to answer so many of his disciples' questions. For instance, he was once asked whether the world is eternal or not eternal. But in the light of the Mahayana teaching, such a query is meaningless, for the world as a thing in itself cannot be defined as either real or unreal. It is neither more nor less real than a castle in the air, than a mirage, than an illusion produced by a magician. It is a congeries of various phases and states of consciousness, and viewed from their plane, is real; but the enlightened seer realizes that it is void of substance, that where we imagine things to be, in reality there is nothing but chaos or emptiness (*sunyata*). Again, the Buddha was asked whether the saint exists or does not exist after death. In terms of the Mahayana, this question is as meaningless as the other. What is a saint? He is one whose first aim is to deliver himself from the illusion that he is a separate self, a distinct personality, an ego. This is, indeed, the practical import of the fundamental Buddhist doctrine of "egolessness" (*anatman*). On the other hand, he who has gained liberation from self, is for the first time conscious of identity with the One Self. The One Self is *anupadaka*, the parentless. It is undying because in truth it is never born, being indistinguishable from the essence of being (*tathata*) which is pure, undivided consciousness (*cittamatra*). But when the saint thus transcends himself, is he still to be called a saint, or by what name shall we call him? According to the Mahayana, we shall be wise not to attempt to answer such a question. The immediate undertaking is to become a saint, not to argue as to how it feels to be one.

These basic conceptions of the Mahayana may seem obscure and difficult, but the idea that real knowledge rests upon experience is obvious enough, so obvious, in fact, that it is apt to be disregarded. As has been remarked, no one can know the taste of an orange by another's description; he must experience it for himself.

"That which constitutes the Tathagatas in essence as well as in body is wisdom (*jñana*). . . . False discrimination pertains to the self, to the ego, to the personality. . . . That which appears in manifestation is like a figure painted on a wall; it has no consciousness in itself, O Lord of Lanka, all that is in the world is devoid of work and action because all things have no reality. . . . It is like an

image magically transformed. . . . He who thus sees things sees them truly. To see otherwise is to walk in false discrimination; to depend on false discrimination is to cling to dualism. It is like seeing one's image reflected in a mirror, or one's shadow in water or in the moonlight, . . . or hearing an echo in the valley. . . . Failing to carry out the abandonment of dualism, men continue their false discrimination and never attain tranquillity. By tranquillity is meant oneness, and oneness gives birth to the highest *samadhi* [contemplation], which is gained by entering into the womb of Tathagatahood, the realm of supreme wisdom realized in one's inmost self" (*Lankavatara Sutra*, I; paraphrased).

"[The attainment of Tathagatahood] is like a man crossing a stream in a dream. Suppose that while sleeping a man dreams that he is in the midst of a great river which he earnestly endeavours with all his might to cross by himself; but before he succeeds in crossing the stream, he is awakened from the dream, and being awakened, he thinks: 'Is this real or unreal?' He thinks again: 'No, it is neither real nor unreal'. By reason of the habit-energy of false discrimination which has been accumulated by experience ever since beginningless time, . . . there is the perception and [false] discrimination of all things as existent and non-existent. . . . In the same way, Mahamati, the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas of the eighth stage of Bodhisattvahood . . . observe that [false] discrimination no more rises in them since all things are seen as like *maya*. . . . The abodes and stages of Buddhahood are established in pure undivided consciousness which is imageless. . . . Self-realization and absolute purity—this stage is my own" (*Lankavatara Sutra*, IV).

"An Arhat does not say to himself: 'Arhatship has been obtained by me'. And why? Because the Arhat is selfless. Therefore is he called an Arhat. If an Arhat were to say to himself: 'Arhatship has been obtained by me', he would be expressing belief in a self, in a being, in a personality. . . . Subhuti, the foremost of those dwelling in virtue does not dwell anywhere, and therefore, is he called a dweller, a dweller in virtue, indeed" (*Diamond Sutra*, IX).

Closely identified with the affirmation that truth is known only through inner self-realization, is the doctrine that this self-realization is a possibility for all sentient beings. Every being in its inmost nature is Buddha. The manifested Universe, *Mahamaya*, may thus be said to provide the field in which the germ of Buddhahood in the soul or monad may come to maturity, passing from potentiality to actuality. As one of the Patriarchs said: "When sentient beings realize their Essence of Mind, they are Buddhas. If a Buddha is under delusion as to his Essence of Mind, he is then only an ordinary being. Seeing everything as equal in Essence of Mind makes ordinary beings Buddhas"[2] (*A Buddhist Bible*, p. 267).

The conception that a Buddha is a product of evolution is present even in Hinayana Buddhism; but in the Mahayana it is given transcendent significance. In this respect, the Mahayana, like the Vedanta, was continuing the great Indian tradition of the Upanishads. It is one of the tragedies of historical

[2] "Within thy body—the shrine of thy sensations—seek in the Impersonal for the 'Eternal Man'; and having sought him out, look inward: thou art Buddha" (*The Voice of the Silence*, p. 26).

Christianity that the doctrine of universal spiritual evolution has not had a place in its theology. It is clearly outlined in many passages from St. Paul, and the Master Christ refers to it more than once: "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods?" (*John*, x, 34). But the Western world had to wait eighteen centuries before the implications of the Master's words were forced upon the attention of Christians. It was part of the message of Theosophy to the West, that Christ was not a divine accident; that he was a human being who by virtue of an *acquired* prowess and wisdom had become a Master. The ideal presented by Theosophy to the true Christian, is, therefore, identical with the ideal of the Mahayana Bodhisattva Doctrine; he is assured that he can attain the realization that the foundation of his being is Christ, that he himself can become a Master in the course of Nature, if he persevere in the way prepared for him by his spiritual Father and Lord.

The philosophical subtilties of the Mahayana become intelligible, in so far as one is able to relate them to the central problem of the disciple's life, the problem of evolving or unveiling his Buddha-nature. The methods advocated are, doubtless, often ill adapted to most minds in the East and to almost all minds in the West. There is comparatively little stress upon outer conduct, partly, it would seem, because in the Eastern mystical schools contemplation is emphasized rather than action,—as if right behaviour must follow of itself, when an inward transformation of consciousness is accomplished. Also, as has been suggested, at least in its beginnings, the pure Mahayana was an introduction to esoteric Buddhism, and the discipline which it inculcates is only intended for those who have permanently attained a certain degree of moral rectitude, and who can be trusted to practise the social and conventional virtues without external instigation.

The general process of this contemplative discipline may be illustrated by reference to a term which recurs in the Mahayana scriptures. The aspirant is bidden to meditate upon the *Tathagatagarbha*, that is, upon the seed or matrix of Buddhahood. The word recalls the *Hiranyagarbha*, "the Golden Egg of Brahmâ", defined by Madame Blavatsky as "esoterically the luminous 'fire mist' or ethereal stuff from which the Universe was formed" (*Theosophical Glossary*, *s. v.*). In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 114; II, 333), the Hierarchy of the "Elect" of mankind are called "Sons of the Fire-Mist". It is apparent that the essential meaning of the two terms is the same. *Tathagatagarbha* is the name applied to the Universe of Consciousness when this is regarded as the envelope of *prajña*, "the eye of wisdom", which is both transcendental knowledge and divine love. To meditate upon the *Tathagatagarbha* is to seek the spark of *prajña* within every subjective and objective form. One cannot discover it within the recesses of one's own being, without finding it also in others, and not only in mankind but in all the kingdoms of sentient creatures, visible and invisible; for this *prajña* is one and undivided, though it seems to the "eye of unwisdom" to multiply and to differentiate itself into an infinite host of separate entities.

There is no real world, according to the Mahayana, save the "*Vajradhatu*, the

universe viewed as the manifestation of *Vairocana* Buddha [the all-enlightening] whose image is reflected in the heart of every being" (p. 436). But in common daily experience, the Buddha-nature is so thickly encased in the illusion of selfhood, that we have no awareness of it. The Mahayana philosophers explain the process of encasement in terms of the *vijñanas* or stages of consciousness.

The first of the *vijñanas* and the parent of the rest is *Alaya*. In one sense, this word denotes the Universal Soul, and as Madame Blavatsky indicates, is "identical with *Akasa* in its mystic sense, and with *Mulaprakriti* in its essence, as it is the basis or root of all things" (*Theosophical Glossary*, *s. v.*). In the Mahayana texts, it is frequently used as a synonym of *Tathagatagarbha*, but with a different shade of meaning. It is "a storage-house where all kinds of goods are kept in storage, and it is the *Alayavijñana's* function to store up all the memory of one's thoughts, affections, desires and deeds. The seeds thus stored remain in the Alaya perfectly quiescent and neutral" (p. 176). Among these seeds is the seed of Buddhahood, but also there are all the seeds of illusion, the *skandhas*, generated by "beginningless unwisdom". Everything deposited in the *Alaya* must manifest itself sooner or later, in some way or other, by the force of *vasana*, habit-energy, "the perfuming impression of memory". Again the *Alaya* is compared to the sea. In its depths, it is calm; but its surface is periodically disturbed by "winds of differentiation". When its waves are permanently stilled by a certain "revulsion" of the whole nature, the *Alaya* is seen as the *Tathagatagarbha*, and the creative powers being detached from the idea of self, are "set free for the working of *Mahakaruna* (great compassionate heart), which in conjunction with *Prajña*, supreme wisdom, makes up the life of the Mahayana Buddhist" (p. 177).

When this revulsion takes place, the life of Bodhisattvaship really begins. The danger is that it is preceded by many premonitory tremors, and that the aspirant may be stranded in some state of intense personal bliss, where he may remain isolated for ages. One recalls the references in theosophical literature to the Pratyeka Buddha, "a degree . . . of high intellectual development with no true spirituality. . . . One of the three paths to Nirvana and the lowest, in which a Yogi—'without teacher and without saving others'—by the mere force of will and technical observances, attains to a kind of nominal Buddhaship individually; doing no good to anyone, but working selfishly for his own salvation and himself alone" (*Theosophical Glossary*, *s. v.*). The Pratyeka Buddha may be described as only one, albeit the most exalted, of the illusory forms which may ensnare even those who are far advanced on the path to wisdom. Doubtless, the average Western student is in no imminent danger of becoming a Pratyeka Buddha, and the emphasis laid upon this menace in the Mahayana may seem a little excessive to him. However, as has been said, the Hindu becomes a disciple or chêla with greater facility than an Occidental, but finds it more difficult to remain one. In any event, the problem, as the Mahayana states it, is universally pertinent. The great allurement which leads the aspirant astray from the path is the sentiment of individual bliss, and this is as true at the beginning as at the end.

The essence of Bodhisattvaship is to be found in the traditional ten vows which the aspirant takes at the beginning of the Great Way. By virtue of those vows he forces the higher beings on his "ray", including the Master at its head, to take notice of him and thus to extend to him their conscious assistance, without which, it is said, he would inevitably fail. If anyone doubt that the Bodhisattva needs assistance, let him meditate upon the following vows:

"When the Bodhisattva enters upon the first stage called Joy, *Pramudita*, in the career of his spiritual discipline, he makes the following solemn vows, *Pranidhana*, ten in number, which, flowing out of his most earnest determined will, are as all-inclusive as the whole universe, extending to the utmost extremity of space itself, reaching the end of time, exhausting all the number of *kalpas* (ages), and functioning uninterruptedly as long as there is the appearance of a Buddha. The first is to honour and serve all the Buddhas, one and all, without a single exception; the second is to work for the preservation and perpetuation of the teaching of all the Buddhas; the third is to be present at the appearance of each Buddha, wherever and whenever it may be; the fourth is to practise the proper conduct of Bodhisattvahood which is wide and measureless, imperishable and free from impurities, and to extend the Virtues of Perfection (*paramitas*) towards all beings; the fifth is to induce all beings, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, to turn to the teaching of the Buddhas, so that they may find their final abode of peace in the wisdom of the all-wise ones; the sixth is to have an inner perception of the universe, wide and inexhaustible, in all its possible multitudinousness; the seventh is to realize the most closely interpenetrating relationship of each and all, of all and each, and to make every land of beings immaculate as a Buddha-land; the eighth is to be united with all the Bodhisattvas in oneness of intention, to become intimately acquainted with the dignity, understanding, and psychic condition of the Tathagatas, so that the Bodhisattva can enter any society of beings and accomplish the Mahayana which is beyond thought; the ninth is to [r]evolve the never-receding wheel whereby to carry out his work of universal salvation, by making himself like unto the great lord of medicine or the wish-fulfilling gem; and lastly, the tenth is to realize the great supreme enlightenment in all the worlds, by going through the stages of Buddhahood, and fulfilling the wishes of all beings with one voice, and while showing himself to be in Nirvana, not to cease from practising the objects of Bodhisattvahood" (pp. 222-223; an abstract from the *Dasabhumika Sutra*, one of the chapters of the *Avatamsaka Sutra*).

It would be an error to suppose that this vast and sublime ideal represents the goal of the average Buddhist either in the North or in the South. But it should be noted that the conception of age-long self-sacrifice as the crown of spiritual endeavour has actually been incorporated in the exoteric canon of Northern Buddhism. There is nothing comparable to it in *exoteric* Christian theology, although Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux surely responded to such an ideal when she renounced Paradise in order that she might remain in the earth-sphere as a helper of suffering mankind.

One might assume that there is good reason for the absence of the Bodhi-

sattva Doctrine from the Western canon; that the average Western aspirant needs a more concrete motive to inspire him, nor could he make such a resolution at his stage of the way and really mean it. This may be true, but the student of Theosophy, who is also a Christian, ardently desires the coming of the day when the Bodhisattva Doctrine will be an integral part of exoteric Christianity. Only when this occurs will Christians truly value the labours of their Master who must be regarded as one of those who long ago made a vow like that of the Bodhisattva Samantabhadra. It is not amiss to recall the evidence of his continuing work for humanity which he has given to more than one of the saints, notably to Marguerite-Marie.

The specific duties and powers of the Bodhisattva are beyond our comprehension. The Mahayana sages made an attempt to describe some of them by analogy, doubtless believing that the images thus awakened in the neophyte's consciousness might quicken his zeal. There are many enumerations of the "heavens" through which the candidate for Buddhahood passes on his way to perfection, as well as of the expanding sphere of his contemplation. Ten degrees of initiation are noted, but in the great scriptures there is always the qualification, that these degrees can be truly known only by experiencing them.

The following passage from the *Lankavatara Sutra* is typical. It refers to the culminating experience of the Bodhisattva when he enters the Congregation of the Buddhas.

"In virtue of a stock of merit accumulated for hundreds of thousands of *kalpas*, he will . . . reach the stage of Bodhisattvahood, called *Dharmamegha* (Cloud of the Law). Seating himself on a throne in the Palace of the Great Lotus, he is surrounded by Bodhisattvas like himself and wears a tiara adorned and embellished with all kinds of jewels. The Buddhas will now come, . . . shining like the brilliant full moon with golden rays, and with their lotus-like hands will anoint the forehead of the Bodhisattva seated on the throne. . . . He is like the crown prince of a great sovereign, who, being thus anointed by the Buddhas personally with their own hands, assumes full power. When he is thus sustained [by the power of the Buddhas], he will see all the Buddhas face to face. . . . Mahamati asked, Why do the Tathagatas sustain the Bodhisattva by their power? . . . Said the Blessed One: . . . O Mahamati, if he be not thus sustained, he may fall into the way of thinking cherished by bad philosophers . . . and the Evil One, and will not be enlightened in the Supreme Enlightenment" (pp. 204-205; an abstract from II).

It would seem that the last of the ten vows expresses in a sentence the quality which distinguishes him from other beings: "While showing himself to be in Nirvana, he does not cease from practising the objects of Bodhisattvahood." He renounces the selfish bliss of the various "heavens"—the *rupa* and *arupa deva lokas*—which are supposed by many of the ignorant to constitute the Nirvana of the Buddha. This renunciation is, however, not painful to him, for his heart's desire is to forego all personal reward and to co-operate unreservedly with the Buddhas in their unremitting effort to share the fruit of their liberation and enlightenment with all sentient beings. But this complete

sacrifice of self is the true Nirvana. The Buddhas and their loyal disciples are citizens of the highest heaven; that is why they have the power to help those still on earth.

There is this dialogue in the *Ashtasahasrika-prajña-paramita-Sutra:* "Sariputra asked Subhuti, If as you say the Bodhisattva is unborn [i.e. enlightened], how is it that he works hard and suffers much for the sake of all sentient beings? To this answered Subhuti, I do not wish the Bodhisattva to think that he is working hard and suffering much. If he does he is no Bodhisattva. Why? If he does cherish such thoughts, he cannot expect to benefit sentient beings whose number exceeds calculation. Rather let him rejoice over his doings and towards all sentient beings, feel like mother or father, son or daughter, and let him, feeling like this among men and women, walk in the path of Bodhisattvahood. Further than that, let him feel towards all beings as if they were himself, and think, 'If I am to be completely free from all woes, let them also be so in the same measure. I cannot leave them to their fate. I must save them from the innumerable pains they suffer, and even if I were cut up into pieces many times over' " (pp 215-216).[3]

This is, indeed, the consummation of the Mahayana wisdom, that Nirvana is not a pleasurable sensation, however sublimated, but perfect inner self-realization, complete freedom from the illusion of separateness. The real Nirvanî who perceives his being in closest interpenetration with all being, cannot shut himself off from the least manifestation thereof, without abdicating his title and dignity. It may have been partly to make this clear, that a distinction is drawn between what is commonly called Nirvana, the abode of "extinction of all worldly concerns", inhabited by the Pratyeka Buddhas, and Paranirvana, the supreme abode, the home of the Buddhas of Compassion, their enduring state of consciousness,—although as a "place of bliss" no Buddha of Compassion will remain in it, until his work for the salvation of all beings is finished.

This is in direct contradiction to the Hinayana teaching that the Buddha passed for ever from the sight of men at the hour of his physical death. But we read in the *Saddharma-Pundarika* (*The Lotus of the Good Law*), Chapter XV: "The Tathagata does what he has to do. He is unlimited in the duration of his life, he is everlasting. Without becoming extinct in Nirvana, he makes a show of becoming extinct, on behalf of those who have to be educated. I announce final extinction even though I do not become extinct. . . . In the opinion that my body is completely extinct, men worship my relics, though they see me not. . . . When upright and gentle creatures leave off their bodies, I assemble the group of disciples and manifest myself here on the Mount of the Holy Vulture. And then I say to them in this very place: I was not completely extinct when you thought me to be so. It was but a device of mine; repeatedly am I born in the land of the living. . . . So am I the Father of the World, the Self-born, the Healer, the Protector of all creatures. Knowing them to be perverted, infatuated and ignorant, I teach final rest, myself not being at rest. What reason

[3] "Bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother" (*The Voice of the Silence*, p. 32).

should I have to manifest myself continually? When men become unbelieving, unwise, ignorant, careless, fond of sensual pleasures, and from thoughtlessness run into misfortune, then I, who know the cause of the world, consider: How can I incline them to enlightenment? How can they become partakers of the fruits of the Buddha-laws?"

Thus is manifested the power of the Bodhisattva known as *upaya* or "skilful means". This endowment enables him to discern the need of each individual and to adapt his "self-manifestation" to that need. Every incarnation of a Master may be said to be such an adaptation. He may be king or beggar as regards outer appearance; he may teach one or another doctrine. As is said, the Master rules himself as well as other beings. He will consent to any sacrifice, supping with publicans and sinners, undergoing what the world calls ignominy. One of his titles is "The Good Companion", for he is the Friend who speaks always to the condition of his hearers. The sense of his superiority dawns in their consciousness by the compelling force of his own inner purity. It is the sign-manual of the true aristocrat, that he is ready to sacrifice wealth, happiness and life at any moment to the demands of his code. It is significant that Zen Buddhism, the purest of the Mahayana Schools in Japan, was the religious basis of Bushido, the code of the warrior caste of the Samurai.

The deeds of the Bodhisattva are characterized as purposeless or effortless (*anabhoga*). There is an affinity between this qualification and the Taoist ideal of "the great submission to the course of Nature". The Bodhisattva, entering the Congregation of the Buddhas, lays aside every personal purpose for ever,—or, it may be said, that it is impossible to distinguish between his personal purposes and the purpose of the Divine Nature, *Dharma-Buddha*, whom he serves. Thereby he proves that he has lost the last vestige of "self".

Only one who knows that the realm of duality and separateness is an illusion, like the creation of a magician, can labour effectively to deliver others from this illusion. It is this labour which is called purposeless. Its motive power is one with the motive power of the Good Law; his manifestations ebb and flow like the great tides of Nature. Thus he is said to shine like the Sun, without partiality. The "transformation-body" which he assumes, the *Nirmanakaya*, passes through space with the ease and celerity of thought. He is in the world and yet not of the world, as the moon reflected in a lake shines in the water and yet is not of the water. The *Nirmanakaya* represents the perfect balance between microcosm and macrocosm, between individual and universal forces. As Madame Blavatsky makes clear, the Master who renounces Nirvana and co-operates with Nature for the spiritual evolution of humanity, bears the name of *Nirmanakaya*, as a title of honour (cf. *The Voice of the Silence*, pp. 67, 75-77). He *transforms* himself continuously by *skilful means*, attuning his appearance to the keynote of each cycle; but he has this power only because in reality he himself never changes, for he is united in consciousness with "Buddhaness" (*Buddhata*), that is, with the Eternal Wisdom.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

(*To be continued*)

FASCISM

AS the QUARTERLY has frequently contained comment on the monarchical and the democratic forms of government and their relative evils, it may prove of interest to give a brief outline of Fascism as it exists in Italy,—not in a partisan spirit and not with any discussion of its history, its merits, or its possible future, but merely with the idea that there is unfolding before us an experiment in government, markedly different from the established forms of past centuries. It has held its own now for approximately a decade (and venerable age comes rapidly, it would seem, in the case of governments—our own, which boasts little more than a century and a half, is the oldest of its type in existence). Fascism in Italy has accomplished far-reaching and phenomenal results, has achieved from most points of view a marked success, and quite regardless of its continued existence there or elsewhere, has probably, as a workable form, won permanent recognition. What then are its significant features? In what does it differ from other types?[1]

The outstanding feature, from one standpoint, is its emphasis on the group and the hierarchy—the nation itself being the major group, comprised of an indefinite number of lesser groups, each with its own life and interests which must be regulated and co-ordinated with those of the other groups. Fascism has repudiated choice by ballot which is not a genuine choice, representative government which is not representative, and the whole system of party politics as we know it. It asserts that there is a fallacy in pretending that citizens *can* be represented—only groups bound by common interests can be represented. Accordingly, the unit of the system is the productive group. The entire producing population (employers, employees, and professional men) is organized in provincial syndicates. These, in each industry, are combined into a federation of the whole industry; these again into two great National Confederations, all employer-organizations in one, all employee-organizations in the other,—that of the professional men being an addition to the latter group. In this way there are organized: employers in Industry, employees in Industry, likewise Agriculturalists, Merchants, Maritime and Aerial Transportation, Land Transportation and Inland Navigation, Bankers,—and a thirteenth group, the Intellectuals. All employers and employees pay fees to the syndicates (which are used for the work of the syndicates, not as taxes), and members are subjected to rigorous discipline. No one is compelled to join, and other syndicates than those recognized by the state are permitted,—but as everyone (member or not) must pay the fee to the legally recognized syndicate, which in turn has complete authority to make contracts and to arbitrate difficulties for members and non-members alike, there is little question of the result.

[1] For those who would pursue the subject further,—among recognized authorities here drawn on are: ***Making the Fascist State***, by Herbert W. Schneider, and ***The Fascist Experiment***, by Luigi Villari.

Above these organizations in the hierarchy is the Ministry of Corporations, with Mussolini at its head, assisted by a National Council of Corporations, composed of the provincial political secretaries, and a Central Committee representing the various regions of Italy, and elected by the National Council for one year. This body has disciplinary authority.

There is the Parliament, of course, and by a reform of February, 1928, a new system of electing its members was inaugurated. Each of the thirteen National Confederations mentioned above nominates its representatives, eight hundred nominees in all. The list is sent to the Grand Council of the Fascist Party, and four hundred names are selected from it. This official list of four hundred is then submitted to the whole body of syndicate members, to be accepted or rejected, *en bloc*. In the event of their rejection, which is equivalent to a vote of lack of confidence in the government, the law provides for re-election of a different sort, the details of which need not be gone into here.

As will have been evident, the organizations already mentioned are in a hierarchy of vertical formation,—employees, employers, and so on up the scale, being entirely separate. Quite apart from this, there are national guilds which might be regarded as in horizontal formation, combining all the associations in any given industry, employers and employees together, and uniting the various classes. These supervise conditions within the industry, and arbitrate questions that have not gone so far as the Labour courts. There is also a national welfare organization, the Dopolavoro, to which every organization, employers' and employees' alike, must contribute.

The Prime Minister is appointed by the King, and is responsible solely to him. The State, it is explained, is the legal incarnation of the nation. It is not a state *of* syndicates, but "a state *above* syndicates", and it must be strong enough to dominate and give direction to the activities of the syndicates. Add to this the concept that the nation is not merely the aggregate of now living individuals, but a composite of an unlimited series of generations,—and we have a fairly complete picture, except that no mention has as yet been made of the status of the individual.

The individual, in Fascist theory, plays a very subordinate part. The corporations must develop his forces and capacities and use them to the best advantage,—he must not be submerged in this respect. But, regarding the nation as the organism, and the syndicates as the cells composing it, the individual is merely an atom, or perhaps less. At any rate, unless a contributor to the life of the state, he has no part in the Fascist system at all—he must be a producer. The drone, the parasite, has no place. Labour, it is asserted, is the foundation of human welfare and progress, and everyone who devotes himself to production and progress in any form whatsoever is regarded as a worker. The general Fascist concept is poles-removed from modern individualism, "the rights of man" and individualistic theories of government. Emphasis is laid on the *right* of the state, but only on the *duty* of the individual. "The more ordinary type of Fascist will frankly admit that he does not believe in liberty; that liberty has long since become a meaningless term. . . . Mussolini points

out that the mass of the Italian people at this particular time neither need nor want liberty. They want peace, work, bread, roads and water, and they are willing to work for these things."

This, from actual practice; from Fascist theorists there is a comment even more noteworthy: "A state which presupposes liberty denies it precisely because it presupposes it; for there is no liberty outside the life of the spirit which, unlike natural beings, does not presuppose itself, but creates, conquers and evolves itself. A man *becomes* free; he is not so by nature. . . . The state is liberal in fact and not merely verbally, if it promotes the development of liberty considered as an ideal to be attained and not as a natural right to be guaranteed."

Not a basis, then, of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but an ideal of individual sacrifice for the good of the nation. Mussolini, who has the gift of seeing the emergency in the commonplace, has repeatedly declared that Italy is in a permanent state of war. Conditions are such that the Italian must fight, not for happiness, leisure, or liberty, but for work. "Imagine a Liberty Loan poster that would read: 'Subscribe to the Loan and you and your children will enjoy the serenity of labour!' Yet that is precisely the appeal made during the recent loan drive." (This striking comparison was published several years ago, at a time when, in America at least, such an attitude toward employment was more difficult to comprehend than at present.) The theory and the consistent aim is to find satisfaction, enjoyment and self-realization in one's work, not in getting free from it, and it is claimed that the socialist's emphasis on shorter hours and more leisure merely betrays the fact that he does not want to work. Each citizen, it is declared, must be completely at the disposal of the state. "Nothing for the individual; everything for Italy." In other words, the individual must find his own happiness in the national or group life and well-being. If not, he is no real part of the nation.

Much of the idealism of Fascism suggests rules for disciples rather than for the rank and file,—a standard so far in advance of ordinary human nature as to seem visionary. Such a sentiment, for instance, as: "Fascism has revived the primitive Christian joy of martyrdom. A true Fascist thinks only of his duty, and regards any sacrifice which he may be called upon to make in the performance of it a privilege." The success of its practical application in Italy is comprehensible only by taking into account—first her phenomenal leader, who galvanizes the country, blends its elements by a special electrolysis, and evokes the response to his own most positive spirit. But it is necessary to take into account Italy's inheritance from the past as well. One of the leaders of the Fascist party, in a letter from the front, in 1916, wrote: "I will not hide from you that I love war; we grew up with an unsatisfied longing for greatness, a longing nourished by mediæval duels, by Garibaldine achievement or rather by the revolutionary exploits of Garibaldi, by plumes and songs, and we found ourselves keeping accounts and scribbling for ten cent magazines. We were malcontents then and shall be after the war; for the present I am at my post. I assure you modern war is not merry; nevertheless I like it." Someone in dis-

cussing religion has said that the doctrinal expression of religious faith takes on the colour of the age, and the age is made up of the cross-currents of thought from every field of experience; that it is useless, for instance, to attempt to understand the teaching of Saint Augustine or the origin of the Papacy, without full knowledge of the prestige of the imperialism of Rome; that the Papacy could never have originated in the democratic atmosphere of the Athens of Pericles. Somewhat of the same thing is true of government. It, too, takes on the colour of the age, is the resultant of cross-currents of thought from every field of experience. For that reason, to explain the success of Fascism to-day, it would be necessary to look back, not only to the glory of Rome and her genius for organization (as Mussolini himself is doing), but to the many cross-currents of subsequent centuries, here a period of æsthetic exaltation, there of revolutionary or patriotic exaltation, again of religious exaltation,—old, forgotten, far-off things in Italy's long life.

Among the misunderstandings of Fascism, one sometimes hears it referred to as a despotism. In refutation of this, Signor Valli writes that if it be true that Mussolini came into power in an irregular and revolutionary manner, yet "he at once secured repeated votes of confidence in a Chamber elected under the auspices of Signor Giolitti, and the enthusiastic approval of the Senate where the immense majority of the members had been nominated by his various predecessors." The same Chamber and Senate later voted the continuing power of the Fascists, "but, above all, we should never forget that apart from its Parliamentary situation, the Fascist Government is strongly supported by the enormous majority of the people at large outside Parliament, the people who do not belong to any party, but simply judge by results, and find the Fascist régime preferable to any of those which preceded it and presumably better than any other combination possible at the present moment."

Other misconceptions lie in regarding Fascism as the same as socialism in this or that particular. One book reviewer recently went so far as to term it "a weak and timid imitation of Russian Sovietism"! It is the opposite of socialism, for one reason because instead of the socialist formula of international solidarity and class struggle, it proposes inter-class solidarity and national struggle; in other words, it views capital and labour, not as antagonists, but as groups to be co-ordinated to a common end (and in this, it has been extraordinarily successful). It is unlike socialism in that the latter trys to level down the highest classes to the standards of the lowest, while Fascism works for the elevation of the lowest classes to the highest standards. It is unlike socialism in that it defends capitalism as an institution, also in that it defends private property and inheritance, recognizing a chain as it were: no private property means no incentive to save; no saving means no capital; no capital means no production; no production means economic paralysis. Capital then, must be freed from impediments and utilized to the full, or the Fascist syndicates themselves will suffer. Another point of unlikeness: instead of using strikes and lockouts as a political weapon, Fascism has practically brought them to an end. No strikes in the public services are tolerated. Arbitration of disputes is com-

pulsory; the Labour courts are a part of the judicial system of the country; and employers or employees who foment labour troubles are punished by fine and imprisonment. Fascists themselves claim that the whole spirit of the movement is the exact opposite of socialism—as witness the attitude toward work already mentioned; though here, as in many other directions, they realize that to hold an ideal and to embody it are two different things, that real nobility of spirit cannot be expected from the mass of humanity, except as a result of moral discipline, and that the syndicates therefore must be educational institutions, training the people (particularly the youth of the country), developing in them the spirit of duty and sacrifice, and producing in the future a new class, drawn from lowest as well as highest, but a genuine aristocracy, or, as is definitely stated, a Samurai, to which only the best and truest citizens may hope to gain admittance (the party was closed to new members some years ago except to the boys, who enter it on graduating from the junior Fascist organizations). In keeping with this aim is the claim that Fascism is not a political party so much as a mystical sentiment, a moral code, a régime of life, a life in itself, and no aspect of ordinary daily activity is too small or too private to come within its sphere.

In the achievement of these aims, there is a powerful ally in the Militia, the army of Blackshirts which, all over Italy, is a continual and spectacular reminder of Fascist strength, and not only a reminder, perhaps, but a partial explanation of the continuing power of the party. The words of Mussolini are significant: "To-day I assume the command of the Militia. You must certainly understand the import of this deed. The order is: Absolute and unquestioning obedience, and be ready always and everywhere to defend our régime which to-day is our country." Originally, they were an irregular armed force, a party organization merely. The bond which brought them together was a sense of outrage over the results of the war, which they regarded as a betrayal of the heroic dead, and as a nullification of splendid achievement. Their aim was to crush out Bolshevism, remedy the deplorable condition of the country at the time, and set up a strong government, inspired by national ideals. Their course, after Mussolini's access to power, was characteristic of the keen vision of their leader. To those who confidently hoped that this irregular force would now be disbanded, he is said to have replied, "Whoever touches the Militia, gets lead." By Royal Decree, the Milizia volontaria (after first being disbanded in its *irregular* form), was created, "at the service of God and of the Italian Fatherland", taking its orders from the head of the Government (Mussolini), and as one of the regular armed forces of the monarchy. It now takes the oath of allegiance to the King, and its function is "to assist, together with the armed forces for public safety (the police and the carabinieri) and the Army, in the maintenance of internal order and to prepare citizens for the defence of Italian interests in the world". No one is admitted whose patriotism is regarded as doubtful. Anti-fascists object to its receiving its orders from the Prime Minister, and assert that, still merely a party organization in reality, it has no claim to being regarded as a State institution. Whatever the right or wrong of such points, the incalculable

value of an organization like this, binding the whole nation together in disciplined obedience, is obvious.

In its function of "preparing citizens for the defence of Italian interests in the world", it provides pre-military and post-military training for the youth of the country. The boys are enrolled in the Avanguardisti and the girls in their own organization, known as the Balilla. (In 1925, the former numbered 90,000, increasing in 1926 to 211,000; the girls' organization was even larger both in its expansion and its total number.) As a result, "the whole youth of the country, in case of a general mobilization, could be called up already trained, armed and equipped."

Aside from military training, the Fascist régime included drastic reforms in the entire educational system. The matters of education and of religion are, of course, closely bound together, and for any real understanding of the reforms, it would be necessary to take into account conditions in Italy at the beginning of the régime—the position of the Vatican, the relations of Church and State, the intense anti-clerical feeling resulting in no religion being taught in any Government or municipal school, and so on. It is too long and involved a subject to go into here. Suffice it to say that the noteworthy feature of the reform is the effort to stop the cramming of brains with disconnected facts, memorized for an examination, and to develop the faculty of learning and to prepare good citizens. To this end, in the Government schools, the number of pupils is limited, and the less capable students excluded (there are other schools open to the latter, though these do not give higher education). Methods and curriculum both are aimed at bringing about more thorough education and higher standards. Further, all examinations—before the reform, arranged by the teachers themselves—were thereafter conducted by an examining board, and made intentionally more difficult.

As for religion, it was decided to introduce the subject in the elementary schools, and the crucifix was placed in each class room. This measure aroused much feeling—indignation on the part of the anti-clericals, consternation on the part of the teachers, who were required to take examinations in religion and teach the subject in order to hold their positions; and as religion was to be presented thereafter in such manner as to "explain its moral and spiritual value" (that is, explicitly not as taught by the priests, though still orthodox Catholic doctrine)—the feeling in clerical circles may be left to the imagination.

During the first year or two of the party's existence, Fascists were violently anti-clerical, and its leaders were both anti-clerical and, it is said, anti-religious. Later the policy changed. "Because the Italian nation is Catholic and whatever is national must be Fascist," Fascism announced itself as wholly Catholic. On this point there is some by-play on both sides, for, while Fascism gained vastly by its "spiritualization", giving the impression to many that it is the defender of the faith,—the Church would find anything but gain in becoming "national". It was, indeed, suggested some four or five years ago, by a former correspondent in Rome of the London *Times*, that the Vatican, which *is* Italian, would go out of its way to "quarrel" with Mussolini, so as to impress non-Italian Catholics

with the internationalism and impartiality of its attitude. It was suggested, even, by the same authority, that the Vatican *must* maintain the appearance of being persecuted by the temporal powers of Italy.

However this may be, much ill-feeling seemed to have been aroused when the Fascists took the vitally important step of ordering the Church to disband the Catholic scouts, so that the Avanguardia and the Balilla should become the sole organizations for the boys and girls of the kingdom. It was the last step in depriving the Church of its power over the children of the country. By way of compensation, it was agreed that the youthful members of the Fascist organizations should be sent to the priests for instruction once a week, but, as is pointed out, the Church has this one comparatively dull hour a week in which to keep its hold on the coming generation, while the State, by means of uniforms, badges, salutes, marches, and its adroit tactics in nationalizing religious holidays and saints' days, is captivating imaginations, linking social and political life, and instilling its own ideal for which thousands are ready to make any sacrifice.

Some opponents of the system see in it all a step toward general irreligion in the future. This would not seem necessary. Religion, as ordinarily understood, holds an inconspicuous place in the system, it is true, but may this not be an advantage in view of the nearness of the Vatican? The consecrated work of Ignatius Loyola at once suggests itself—and the evil ends, to which, subsequently, it was so often turned. The Vatican does not change its ways, or its motives,—and welcome grist for its mill would doubtless be the devotion, exaltation and self-giving which the Fascist movement is evoking; but with no good to come of it for Italy or for the world. There is a wide field for speculation here, but one may surmise that the beings who mould the destinies of men have a definite reason and purpose for current developments in Italy; that for forty millions of people to accept with zealous co-operation, training in obedience, sacrifice, devotion to duty and to a cause, means the welding of an instrument; and that, under existing circumstances, it is far safer for the life of the spirit (by which is meant here, not necessarily a high degree of spirituality, but the quickening and outpouring of the Italian genius) to find its expression for the time being in channels other than those usually recognized as religious.

The answer to this, as to many another question which naturally suggests itself with regard to Fascism, lies concealed in the future. While Mussolini's leadership continues, it is impossible to judge the system on its own merits solely, or to foresee what results would follow his removal, either by death or other cause. Of course, the idea that he is responsible for all that has been accomplished, that it is his single will that holds it all together, has been scoffed at as the "Mussolini myth". But myths, as we know, are apt to conceal a truth. No one facing fairly the actual facts of Mussolini's life can fail to recognize his intense patriotism, stupendous achievement, dynamic power and force, greatness of purpose. The real test of Fascism will come when men of smaller stature, shorter vision, different ideals, undertake to carry on the work. Many of the Fascist principles are a two-edged sword. Take the concept of no liberty for the individual, every individual completely at the disposal of the state,—and, in

imagination, apply that at the dictate of the Prussian spirit and aims, or the Russian! At countless points, too, the application of Fascist principles is almost entirely a matter of interpretation. From the beginning, its flexibility has been stressed, its willingness to change, its freedom from party programme. Its programme can be altered to fit every need—not in the spirit of opportunism, but in the sense that, unhampered by a preconceived "platform", it endeavours to proceed steadily toward one goal, the well-being of the Italian people, the embodiment of an Italian national entity. This has advantages, of course; it means the utmost latitude at every point, but it calls for keen vision, unerring judgment, a steady eye to the goal—the "instinct of equilibrium" which Mussolini says accompanies him in the gravest, the most strenuous and the most critical moments. Given the animating spirit, and we have authority for it that even dry bones will live, but what they achieve and whither they turn, depends on the source and nature of the inspiration. Fascism *per se* has yet to be put to the test.

J. C.

The man who is truly free, is always free.—R. O.

The other side of an emergency is always an opportunity.—Dean Burroughs.

To this day I thank difficulties. They were more numerous than the nice, happy incidents. But the latter gave me nothing. The difficulties of life have hardened my spirit. They have taught me how to live.—Mussolini.

A RESPONSE TO THE THEOSOPHICAL APPEAL

THEOSOPHY is all-inclusive. It includes the essence of all great religions, philosophies and sciences. So, when Madame Blavatsky brought Theosophy to the West, she brought a doctrine which clearly points to the mountain top of Bodhisattvaship—and beyond, but which also points to an intermediate peak of chêlaship: a condition of consciousness and service leading directly from the place where man now stands to the more remote pinnacle of Bodhisattvaship. Let us consider this appeal which Theosophy makes to enlist in the glorious warfare of the soul, and, more particularly, the opportunity for members of the Society to respond directly to that appeal; let us consider it in very simple phrases, because when one speaks of the particular, the more simple the words used, the more universal is the portrayal.

Let us look backward for a moment that we may the better look forward. No rigorous requirements were placed before us when we applied for membership in the Society. We were not even asked to join; we did so voluntarily. We were not asked to believe in Masters, in Bodhisattvas, nor in chêlas. The only request made was that we should be in sympathy with the main object of the Society: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour"—to believe in the Ideal of the Society, within which is the potentiality of chêlaship, although perhaps we did not know of that potentiality at the time we became members.

After we became members we were left free agents to study such subjects, and to set our own time for doing so. However, most of us accept chêlaship as a possibility. If we did not there would be little incentive in remaining as members. It is the natural result of reading and studying theosophical literature, made available by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, Mr. Charles Johnston and others. So we cannot for long remain as members of the present outer expression of the Lodge Movement without realizing that something *is* required of us. That requirement, inherent in a true membership, will lead us to a more diligent study of the literature. This, in its turn, will lead to more than a mere intellectual acceptance of theosophical principles, for we cannot study that richly divine and compelling literature without coming under the spell of its contagion; without realizing that the author of *The Secret Doctrine*, for example, must have had access to old and time-tried truths, and to those who have guarded such records through the ages. Thus, of our own accord and by our own free will, we are brought to acknowledge that there must be those who are far in advance of us, each real member *discovering for himself* a belief in the existence of Masters, and of the Lodge of Masters. Because we have discovered that for ourselves, it is an integral part of our consciousness, a living thing, and we long

to find the means of serving the Masters and of working for that for which the Great Lodge works.

For what do the Masters work? For the eventual salvation of mankind. How do they work for it? We know that a General in time of war does not work with his troops *en masse*, but through a few loyal and trusted subordinates. Surely the Masters are no less practical and logical than a General in command of armies. Even the casual perusal of the history of the last quarter of various centuries will show that effort for the spiritual regeneration of mankind has been carried on by a mere handful of valorous workers. Perhaps at this point there will dawn upon us the inner significance of the one request made of us when we applied for membership in the Society: that we should be in sympathy with its Ideal, as expressed in its main object. Does it not seem plausible that the Lodge would work now as it has in the past, through a comparatively few loyal and trusted servants? Through the Ideal of the Society in which there is the potentiality of chêlaship? As we work for the Ideal, then; as we give ourselves to it, the door is wide open for us to work continuously and consciously for the same purpose and for the same cause as that of the Lodge. Here we have found a way of directing our efforts to serve the plan of the Masters through the medium used by the Lodge itself. Our efforts, formerly of a general character, become more specific, more focussed. At this juncture it may be that we come more directly under the attention of the Master who stands at the head of our ray, or to the attention of one of that Master's chêlas,—as those who in time of war compose a mobile unit for special work may be known to the General, or to one of his staff. Our literature makes clear, however, that there is no Theosophical escalator or funicular which will carry us from where we are to the peak of chêlaship. *We* have to do the climbing. Yet we find that we do not have to make the entire journey alone and unaided, for as we climb there is a lift, as we push from below there is a draw from above. Divine force co-operates with those who honestly are attempting to serve spiritual purposes.

Now let us look forward. As we turn to our literature with this new sense of direction in mind, we shall be impressed with all that is said about desire. It will show us that we have misapplied the force which is abundantly ours during Kali Yuga, and have used it in gratifying personal desires; that we have built up a body of personal desires, a Kama Rupa, and that this body, as a body, must be killed, but that the force back of it must be retained and redirected. It is desire with which we have to contend; it is desire which we have to transmute. It is this great power which, because of our misapplication, we have used for the personal, or lower self, that we must redirect so that it re-becomes the great power of the Higher Self. Paradoxical as it may sound, we must transmute desire by desire.

Is it so paradoxical, when desire has been back of our acts? Let us put a few simple questions to ourselves, and see if we do not know already more about that seeming paradox than at first we might suppose. Why do we go to one place instead of to another? Because we desire to go there. Suppose we put our question in a more impersonal way: substitute for ourselves the artist who

works for the love of his art. Why does he go to one place instead of to another? Because he desires to do so; but he chooses the place because it affords him the scenery he wishes to portray on his canvas. The artist had an ideal for which he worked, so he had transmuted some of his desire from gratifying mere self-indulgence by using it for something larger than self. What the artist did unconsciously, perhaps, we, students of Theosophy, must do deliberately.

By changing the phrasing of the question and by bringing ourselves back into it, we may make a rather pleasant discovery: we have started already to make the transfer, and in the right direction. Why did we join The Theosophical Society? Because we *desired* to join. Right there we turned some of that force toward the Movement.

We should not be surprised, then, when we turn to such a manual and guide as *Light on the Path* to discover that desire is mentioned specifically in nine of the first twenty-one numbered rules, and indirectly mentioned in several others. Nor should we be confused by any seeming contradiction between what is said in the first three numbered rules, and rules thirteen, fourteen and fifteen, as may have been the case formerly. It should be clear there is no conflict between "kill out desire of comfort," and "desire possessions above all"; that if we work for ease and comfort for ourselves, we cannot work for the Ideal of the Society; that unless and until we kill out such desire we cannot be free to desire "those possessions" which "must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united." And I think the word *comfort* as used in *Light on the Path* is meant to convey more than its usually accepted sense.

The fact is, the first twenty-one numbered rules in *Light on the Path* are, among other things, a treatise on the transmutation of desire by desire. They show that as we kill out desire for something for self, we can *and should* supplant that desire with the desire for possessions which may be shared with others; and, further, that we turn desire from the interests of self by focussing it on interests which are other than those of self: as in the case of the artist, or in our own case, once we have definitely pointed desire toward working for the Ideal of the Society.

Thus far I have dealt with one side of the picture only: with our efforts in response to the theosophical appeal. There is the other side: that is, the purpose and the power wielded in us by the Ideal as we give ourselves wholeheartedly to serving it. As devotion to art for art's sake can make of the artisan a master craftsman, as loyalty to the mobile war-unit can make of each soldier a first-class fighting man, so there is the power within the Ideal of the Society to transform to its likeness those who serve it with sufficient intensity and constancy of desire. It can take that service based on desire and transmute it into a service of love. Love is the great power. It is love which unites the chêla to his Master, and sends him out into the world to do his Master's work as though it were his own.

Of a truth, humanity's to-morrow depends upon our response to-day to the appeal Theosophy makes to enlist in the glorious warfare of the soul.

G. M. W. K.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Philosopher asked if anyone had tried to visualize the problem which confronts the Lodge at the present time. " 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread' ", he quoted, "but I believe none the less that we gain more by boldness than by moral and intellectual stagnation, and the mere reading of other people's ideas, unless it arouse independent and constructive thinking in us, is little better than stagnation.

"The problem of the Lodge", he continued, "as *we* see it, can at best be only a distorted shadow of the difficulties which really confront them, for Masters deal with forces of which we see no more than certain superficial effects. None the less, let me plunge in,—and almost any point will serve to start from. Thus, I was reading the other day some Addresses delivered by a High Church Anglican clergyman who at one time had been a missionary in Africa. 'I have known Africans walk', he said, 'for something like five hours on a Saturday night in order that they may be at Mass on Sunday morning, for the simple reason, as they put it: "If the Lord Christ was coming to meet them they could not stay away." ' Sheer superstition, many would say. But what is superstition? Put it this way: if you were a Master, and someone were to walk for five hours through the darkness and dangers of the veldt in the expectation of meeting you, whether in the semblance of a consecrated wafer, or a log of wood, or an image all dolled up in spangles,—would you not go out of your way to do *something* for him, to give him your blessing in *some* form or other? And, apart from any gift of yours to him, would not that man infallibly benefit spiritually, in character and in will, as a result of his sacrifice, especially if, as the missionary claimed, it was no sacrifice but was done purely for love? Compare that man's state with the state of another negro, a more 'enlightened' negro, who believes that God is everywhere, that God will speak to him in his own heart, at any time of the day or night, if he but condescend to listen. No five hour walk for him; no such folly as a consecrated wafer! He can get up and go to bed as the spirit moves him; he can conduct his own 'service' to suit himself; he can 'listen' and then be 'lifted up' to his heart's content; he can spout 'mysteries' to make all around him cringe. Even supposing that he tries, according to his lights, to lead a good life, he will do this, primarily, according to *his* lights, derived in large measure from *his* interpretation of Biblical texts. The first man presumably looks up to his priest, for it is the priest, in any case, who 'consecrates' the wafer; the second need not look up to anyone, except to God, and God will always be on, as well as at, his side, seeing that the man himself is God's interpreter.

"I wonder whether the universality of the problem involved in that mess, is sufficiently evident, without further elaboration. The point is that a belief which, in comparison with another, may be regarded as 'enlightened', is at least as dangerous, and often more so, than the rankest superstition,—depending entirely

upon the person who adopts it. If the Lodge were to disseminate its light, its understanding, widely, the spiritual progress of humanity would be retarded by a million years.

"Superstition and enlightenment are relative terms. One of the many ways in which the world, and most philosophers, have shown their imbecility, is by generalizing about 'human needs', when, as a matter of fact, the need of no two people on the face of the earth is the same. I knew a man once (he is an officer of one of our biggest and most powerful corporations) who thought that any kind of manufacture was primitive, infantile, and unworthy of his attention unless tools were set for the production of at least one hundred thousand units, with all arrangements made, through distributors and agents, for the disposal of these 'over the counter'. People need chairs; very well, grind out 100,000 chairs, shop cost $2.14, to retail at $10.00, cost to distributor $5.00. They want antiques, do they? Very well; cancel that order and grind out 100,000 antiques, quick; add 200 per cent. to shop cost to cover extra labour and necessary departures from standard to show individual workmanship, with retail price $30.00. The same principle is applied medically: it does not matter if you are tall and thin, or short and fat, if you are phlegmatic or nervous, fiery, airy, watery or earthy, if you are white or black, yellow or red,—granting you have influenza, you need Medicine A., scarlet fever, Medicine B., mumps, Medicine C., and so forth. In the same way with religion: if you are a Protestant, everyone ought to be a Protestant, if a Roman Catholic, everyone ought to be the same, if a Theosophist,—but really, there ought to be a limit! Can it be that any student of Theosophy is so hopelessly ignorant of his own subject as to imagine that everyone either could or should be a Theosophist? I trust not.

"Of all genuine 'persuasions' (I exclude, of course, forms of black magic such as Voodoo), Theosophy, being true, is necessarily one of the most dangerous. It is not, and never can be, narrowly defined in creeds—for then it would cease to be Theosophy, would cease to be true; but this leaves it at the mercy of every crank and visionary who chooses to adopt it as his label, and goodness knows they have not been slow to parade themselves accordingly. It leaves it at the mercy also of anyone whose conceit is sufficiently turbulent to make him, in his own eyes, the sole judge of his duty and obligations, regardless of his associates and fellow-students. It cannot too often be re-stated that once a man falls into the habit of indulging his lower nature, at any point, he will interpret his religion (no matter what), his philosophy—even his Theosophy—so as to condone, and finally to justify, his self-indulgence.

"Here is a Frenchman, for instance, who writes a book which has been translated into English and published under the title of *The Return of the Magi*. He believes in Theosophy, as he interprets it; he believes in a White Lodge, in Masters, and also in the existence of a Black Lodge. He seems never to have heard of Judge, but is familiar with the writings of Mrs. Besant and of Leadbeater.

"Avowedly he prefers the lesser to the greater members of the Lodge because the greater are 'too perfect', and it comforts him to discover, or to think that he

has discovered, frailties which correspond to his own. Speaking of Lao-tsze he says: 'What one remembers of him—and remembers with a certain satisfaction —is that he had a bad temper'. I do not know on what possible ground he can attribute a bad temper to Lao-tsze; but that is immaterial: what I object to is the perversity, the vanity, of such an attitude, and the miserably wrong twist he gives both to the spirit and the letter of Theosophy,—a twist which becomes monstrous when he speaks of sex, as when (referring to the vows of the Rosicrucians) he undertakes to comment on chastity. Shades of H. P. B. and Judge, —how they would have suffered! Even 'the ordinary man', of whom he speaks, knows better; even the most ordinary and exoteric of Christians, if sincere, holds to an infinitely higher, purer and truer standard. The cause of such a distortion is, of course, obvious. It simply means that, as Emerson said, 'we find what we seek'.

"Every effort of the Lodge to help humanity is perverted in the same way. Consider the efforts of the Christian Master, first in one denomination and then in another, to spiritualize the religion which exists in his name. See how the Church of Rome, to reinforce its authority and its claim to a monopoly of the means of salvation, has exploited the revelation to Marguerite Marie of the continuance of that Master's suffering. See how Protestantism has misused the 'power from on high' which has been poured into 'Revivals', sometimes converting it into mere emotionalism, sometimes into bigotry, and nearly always cheapening and vulgarizing that which in itself is as crystalline and pure as the everlasting snows. Give men manna from heaven, and they will not swallow it unless smothered in an onion sauce, with some pickled eel thrown in for seasoning. It is the fault of the personality we have built up,—'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world'.

"Some of you, twenty years ago or more, met Samuel Stokes when he visited New York from India. Originally from Philadelphia, he had gone to India as a missionary, and later, under the auspices of the Bishop of Lahore, had founded a religious order called the Brotherhood of the Imitation of Jesus. Its members lived as Indian ascetics live, believing that, as disciples of Jesus, they could do no less, and hoping, in this way, to appeal directly to the Indian people. There can be no question of the devotion and sincerity of Stokes and his associates at that time; nor can I question the fact that on one occasion the Christian Master made himself known to Stokes, comforting him and giving him new strength when Stokes had fallen exhausted on one of his expeditions. Stokes related this experience, in poetical form, in a little book called *The Love of God*, with an Introduction by the Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, who said: 'The author of this little volume is by birth an American, aged twenty-six [in 1908], who, having seen—whether in the body or out of the body God knows, but in any case with convincing clearness—a vision of the Lord Jesus, toilworn and travel-stained, trudging on foot along an Indian high road, has found in that vision a call to give his life, from love of his Master, to the service of his Indian brothers, in literal imitation of the poverty, humility, and self-sacrificing devotion of the earthly life of Jesus.'

"Would you perhaps like to hear Stokes' own account of his experience? It is nothing so unusual—merely one of the Christian Master's countless efforts to win a soul who might perchance become a torch-bearer among men; but the significance of the *dénouement* cannot well be appreciated unless you have the picture before you."

Most of us had read the poem years ago, but were glad to hear it again; so the Philosopher read these extracts aloud:

I slept, or seemed to sleep, but all at once
I felt a hand upon my shoulder laid.
Too weak I was to rise, but panting lay,
Striving to pierce the blackness with my eyes.
Yet feared I not, for from that gentle hand
There flowed a power which thrilled my soul to life;—
A power which told of love past human ken,
Of sympathy with all man's woes, of peace
And joy to come upon a world forlorn,
Of sin o'ercome, and Heaven opened wide.
At last, in awe I whispered tremblingly:
"O thou who, speaking not, dost comfort give!
O thou who, in one moment, by a touch,
Hast given peace so great that all those things
Which dragged me down and filled me with despair
Seem far away, or easy to be borne!
Thou in whose presence my poor restless soul
Ceases to cry for rest and lies at peace,—
Who art thou?
Oh, tell me, art thou human or divine?
If human, then in what place dost thou dwell?
May I bide with thee—ever be thy slave?
Wherever thou dost lead I'll follow thee;
For whether thou art God or man, I know
That thou art he in whom help may be found.
Oh, I have wandered all this wide world o'er
Seeking for peace, but always sorrow found.
And now, at last, when I, about to die,
Had laid me down, that peace has come to me.
Leave me not, therefore, wheresoe'er thou art;
Have pity on my sorrows, for 'tis thou
Who, taking all away, can'st give me rest."

From out the dark a voice came clear and calm,
Quite low, and yet so full of melody,
So full of pathos, ringing so with love
That my poor soul, all thrilled and dazed with joy,
Could scarce make out the meaning of the words.
"O little lamb, I came to seek thee here.
Thou askest who I am and where I dwell.
I am thy Shepherd—though thou knewest not,
I have been seeking thee the whole world o'er,
Aye, calling, but thou would'st not answer me.
For I have loved thee, my poor little one—
So loved that I did shed my blood for thee.

Had'st thou but known it, I was ever by,
But thou would'st never yield thyself to me.
For thou wast seeking peace in lands afar,
And little thoughtest thou that at thy side
The giver walked and sought his gift to give;
Yea, sought to give, but thou would'st never take.
Thou soughtest peace below, but thou hast found
It is not there, so I have come to help,
And give thee what thou long hast sought in vain."

Then silence fell; and yet I felt the hand
Still sending forth its message to my soul.
I did not speak, for something said within:
"Keep silence, listen, pray!"

"It was a wonderful beginning. Later, instead of meeting with opposition, the Bishop of his diocese encouraged Stokes in every possible way (almost a miracle in itself, in India). 'He was enthusiastic, and looked upon the founding of this new Order as the greatest event that had happened to the Church in the Punjab during his episcopate. He laid his hands upon them [Stokes and his associates] at a solemn and beautiful service in Lahore Cathedral.' Obviously, by repercussion on the Protestant churches of England and America, the movement might have accomplished much, as it cannot be doubted, after such a beginning, that the Christian Master would have reinforced it in so far as it was made possible for him to do so, and always with the qualification that Masters cannot and will not interfere with the free will of individuals. What was the result? I learned of it only the other day, from a book, *What I owe to Christ*, by C. F. Andrews, who, if it had not been for illness, would have joined the order on its formation. The story is this: Stokes, as head of the order, at first ministered to the lepers in their Asylum in the Simla Hills. Settling down among the Hill people, he learned in the course of time that they regarded his Christian service as a form of self-seeking with a view to his own spiritual advancement. They would tell him that it was easy for him, in his homeless, celibate state, to acquire merit, and thus escape from the bondage of rebirth, but for them it was difficult because of family cares and the need to earn a living. This misunderstanding of his motives, purpose, and message, troubled Stokes inexpressibly. Andrews says: 'He struggled with this crucial problem, night and day, waiting in earnest prayer to God for an answer. During much of this time I was with him, and he consulted me frequently about his own inner difficulties. . . . In his own mind from the very first, since the day when the problem had really gripped him, there had seemed to be only one real answer. . . . He should reside among them [the Hill people] as one of themselves, marrying into their own Hill clan. Thus he would make himself in every respect one with them.' Andrews, a weak reed, adds that Stokes convinced him 'by the argument'. The Bishop of Lahore was not convinced; he appears to have reminded Stokes of his vows. The end of it was that Stokes married a Rajputni woman, born in the Hills, a Christian, whose grandfather was a Chinaman. 'Thus', says Andrews com-

placently, 'his children have the blood of three different races flowing in their veins.' "

"In other words", interjected the Historian, "instead of converting the Hill people, Stokes allowed the Hill people to convert him. What a tragedy! I remember him well. . . . I wonder how that Master felt about it. A cruel blow."

"I am wondering", said the Ancient, "whether we in our way have been more true to the heavenly vision than was Stokes. Still—thank God—there is the balance of this day, and perhaps to-morrow."

"Excuse me", asked the Student, turning to the Philosopher, "but do you happen to know if Stokes met the woman he married, before or after he allowed the Hill people to convert him,—in principle?"

"I do not know", the Philosopher replied; "but I see what you mean, and I agree with you as to the probabilities. In any case, the marriage of course smashed the Brotherhood of the Imitation of Jesus into less than a rubbish heap. . . . But the main point to my mind is the problem which confronts the Lodge, as I said to begin with. It is a problem which necessarily confronts each member of the Lodge also, and even, on a much smaller scale, everyone who attempts, consciously, to serve a Master. Somebody once said: Many are they who find Jesus; few are they who, finding, understand what they have found. And the same is true of Theosophy. The veil between us and the spiritual world is lifted for us, perhaps only for a moment, perhaps for weeks or months together, or again and again at intervals. Always there follows the need to interpret what has been seen, the injunction to do as we have learned. A spiritual experience, no matter how real, can bear good fruit only to the extent that will and intelligence co-operate,—a trinity of effort. Andrews, the author of the book I have been quoting, is an illustration of what usually happens. *His* world swamped him. Brought up on a dead-letter though devout interpretation of the Bible—as an Irvingite—when he was about twenty he experienced conversion, deep and real. No need to go into particulars, as so many similar conversions are related in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, by William James,—which all of you have read: at first crushed to the earth by a conviction of sin and impurity, a sense of peace and forgiveness came to him with equal strength, as 'the gift of God through Christ'. 'What,' he writes, 'had broken me down completely and made a new man of me', was the realization that there had been a sacrifice. 'He had given himself for me'. Not long afterwards, deeming the Irvingites too literal, he left them and joined the Church of England. Then he was ordained, having a terrible time over the Articles of Religion, which of course, being in no sense a mystic, he interpreted as literally as his father had interpreted the Bible. Finally, after working in missions in England, he went as a missionary to India, not only a sincere and honest Christian, but with an abiding sense of Christ's continued gift to him: a minor, but none the less real effort on the part of the Christian Master to win a soul who might have become a spiritualizing factor in Church circles. To cut a long story short, he, like Stokes, instead of converting his environment, allowed his environment to convert him: as I have said, *his* world swamped him. Still calling himself and believing himself to be a follower of

Christ, he became literally and in fact a follower of Gandhi and Tagore, making Tagore's *ashram* his headquarters; he has become literally and in fact the embodiment and exponent of all the most modern infatuations,—Pacifism included. As much a literalist as in his youth, 'the poor' mean only one thing to him,—those who lack physical food and clothing: those who are starving spiritually, while dressed in fine raiment and perhaps over-fed, mean nothing. In the same way and for the same reason, he regards Albert Schweitzer, Kagawa of Japan, and Sundar Singh, as those who have come nearest 'to the imitation of Jesus' in modern times. A man like Cardinal Mercier, who lived in a palace, and who was the reverse of a Pacifist, would be classed, presumably, as an unfortunate mistake. Joan of Arc would be a well-meaning but misguided girl who, because she lived in the 'dark ages' before Tolstoy, must be excused and forgotten. 'The dead wrappings of the past', he writes, 'have always tended to constrain and confine the insurgent spirit of man. Christ comes again to his own right in our day [largely thanks, it would seem, to Gandhi and Tagore]. He comes to set us free.'

"Free from what? From vanity and self-assertion, from pride and hypocrisy,—or just comfortably free to do as we choose, or uncomfortably free to do as some Soviet may ordain? And why 'insurgent' spirit? But enough. The author's only significance lies in the fact that he is typical; for he was helped to a good start, and has turned all that into active harmfulness,—and this with due regard for his many 'good works', and for what most people, I suppose, would regard as a saintly life.

"So I return once more to my main question: what *can* the Lodge do that will not be misunderstood, misapplied, perverted? I am not supposing that anything can reach this world from theirs without a certain amount of discoloration on its way through. I am making allowance for the fact that every shade of discoloration may be needed to meet the infinitely varied needs of human nature; but there is a difference, as I see it, between discoloration and perversion. The Salvation Army, for instance, has brought things down to a very primitive plane; but it appeals to, and is intended to help, very primitive people: no one, in my opinion, could justly characterize it as a perversion. The so-called Oxford Group movement, headed by Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, which recently held a mass-meeting in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, is not only discoloured—and depressing—but is just as much of a travesty as the work of Andrews."

"Why 'depressing'?" our Visitor interjected.

"Because their movement provides such a commentary on what numbers of people want when they want religion; it proves that, though converted from cocktail parties in the outer sense, they crave a sublimated form of the same thing in their religious experience. To speak frankly, they want the same common familiarity, the same self-exposure (both duly sublimated), the same utter lack of reverence, of dignity, of refinement. Those among their converts who perhaps never went to a cocktail party in their lives, make it evident that they enjoy the atmosphere of one, in religious guise. One of our contributors, who was present at the meeting in New York, told me that the first woman to speak

paraded her former cocktail parties as though the superiority of her present state were proved by her past, and that several men, speaking later, said knowingly: 'Oh yes, I used to go to Marie's parties'—for they make a great point of calling one another by their first names, on the platform as much as in private: it is supposed to be evidence of Christian amity. An English Knight, over sixty, offered to relate privately incidents of his former career, not as a man ashamed, but facetiously, so as to draw laughter, especially from the women on the platform. The 'hit' of the evening was a mutual forgiveness scene between an Oxford woman and a German Frau, which the Chairman drove home as a lesson to the authorities in Washington,—all Buchmanites being ardent Pacifists, regarding the aggressor (Germany), and invaded Belgium and France, as in the same category, and, at least in international matters, forgiving anything in everybody, whether repentant or not. Do not imagine that I am basing my opinion on a report of one public meeting. The book, *For Sinners Only*, written by one of themselves for propaganda purposes, reveals the same tendencies, including the habit of lowering all spiritual values and standards by speaking of themselves as having attained absolute purity, absolute honesty, absolute love, absolute unselfishness, and by describing as 'radiant saints' the well-meaning but sometimes half crazy converts of a Rescue Mission.

"I am not suggesting that the world is any more inclined to-day than in the past, to pervert good things to wrong ends; though it does seem to me that the Lodge, having tried every imaginable avenue of approach, in vain, may well be confronted with a peculiarly difficult problem at the present time, especially as it has become almost impossible to confine an experiment to a locality,—every sort of 'movement' becoming internationalized as soon as launched, as part of the penalty paid for mechanizing inter-communication. There is good reason to believe, for instance, that the Albigensian movement sprang from the work of Adepts; but although it remained pure so long as it reached the few only, after they had been tried and tested and proved worthy, there is no doubt that it degenerated dreadfully when its essential truths were proclaimed to the many,—though at that stage, thanks to the lack of facilities, the contagion did not spread much beyond sections of southern France. That the movement was suppressed by the Church with fiendish cruelty, is notorious; but that its followers had gone 'clean off their heads' is proved by the fact—which their most ardent defenders admit—that, in the south, sons of the noblest families often married the lowest women 'in order to regenerate them, to lead them one step forward up the long path to perfection.' It was their belief in reincarnation, strangely enough, which they twisted to this abominable conclusion: can you imagine a more wanton obliquity!"

"Has it ever occurred to you", asked the Student at this point, "that it is much less dangerous 'to start something' among Anglo-Saxons than among Latins, if the 'something' be connected with religion, just because the Anglo-Saxon is *not* fundamentally religious, while the Latin is? There are exceptions, of course, but it is unusual for your Anglo-Saxon to be wholesale about anything, least of all about religion. Consequently, he can adopt a belief, such as

that in reincarnation, with very little result, one way or the other, while your Latin, if he adopts it, will do so with passionate intensity,—which, as you have shown, is likely to mean, during Kali Yuga, that he will give effect to it in some extreme and dangerous way. It is easily conceivable that Theosophy is being kept deliberately from France and Spain and Italy until, in the distant future, they become less unready. Meanwhile it was given to America and to England because, though they were quite unready, it could not do much harm there anyhow!"

The Engineer now joined us. He was wreathed in smiles. "Things have become so bad", he said, "that they are amusing: the New York banks have been shut" [It was the morning of March 4th, and the earlier editions of the newspapers had not carried this information.]; "no one can draw any money; I hope you have all been hoarding."

Our Visitor showed surprise. "Hoarding!" he exclaimed. "Surely that would not be ethical?"

"Why not?" said the Engineer. "If more people had always hoarded, as they have in France, there would have been no depression and no panic; nor would there have been any Stock Market boom in 1929: we should have remained on a level keel. It is because people turned all their money over to their banks or to their brokers, that first the boom, and then the depression, and finally the panic came. The banks used their deposits to make money quickly for their stockholders, some lending huge sums in Germany, for instance, at a much higher rate of interest than was obtainable here, and shutting their eyes, presumably, to the risk (*I* should have said, certainty) of losing it, perhaps blinded by greed, and in any case dead to all the lessons of the Great War. It was the French peasant, by keeping his gold in a stocking until really needed, who enabled his Government to pay five milliards of francs to Germany after 1871, and to pay the entire sum well in advance of due dates, thus ridding his country of the German troops who had remained in occupation."

"Incidentally", remarked the Student, "the receipt of that money proved to be the culmination of Germany's moral ruin."

Our Visitor was not convinced, however. "There may be something in your argument", he said, "as applied to ordinary times; but the New York banks would not have been obliged to close their doors to-day, if it had not been for the sudden and immense demand for gold and currency, largely for hoarding, which followed the collapse in Detroit, Cleveland and other big cities. It should have been a point of honour, at *that* juncture, *not* to reduce one's balance."

"It might rather have been a point of honour not to have *needed*, at that juncture, to reduce one's balance,—to have been so prudent as to have kept in one's own control enough to have tided one over an interval in which the bank might be closed.

"The withdrawals, the last minute efforts to 'hoard', were, of course, prompted by fear—the spread of mass hysteria and panic, which always creates what it dreads. People ought to have acted long before; not from fear but from caution; and if they had so acted the banks themselves would have been in far sounder

condition to meet any strain. But on what ground is it, or can it be 'a point of honour' to the ordinary citizen to keep an unsound bank open, or to leave his own money in it if he believes it to be unsafe? The banker's duty is one thing; the depositor's another. Indirectly and unintentionally, you are echoing those among the leaders of 'big business' whose panacea throughout has been to spend, spend, spend. Instead of its being one's duty to help keep the New York banks open, thus supporting a system which is inherently unsound and wrong, I claim that it would have been far better for the country if the New York banks, as a result of public distrust, had been compelled to close their doors some three years ago. If that had happened, and if Washington had not further prolonged the agony by its futile attempts to suspend or offset the law of supply and demand,—business, by this time, would have been on its feet again.

"In the old days, money-lending was the unclean business of Jews; it was the function of banks to hold the money of their clients in safe-keeping. If I am not mistaken, instead of paying interest on deposits, they charged for their service. Little by little, the banks became money-lenders, using the money of their clients for this purpose, primarily for the benefit of the owners (stockholders) of the bank: an illogical and absurd proceeding. In the old days, again, it was a disgrace to borrow; it meant that you were living beyond your means. But since, in this country and elsewhere, man's chief purpose in life has been, not to earn a living but to make a fortune, it has become a common saying that a fortune can only be made with borrowed money; therefore borrow, and the more you can borrow, the better off you are. Gambling has taken the place of business, and is now known as business. A man with a salary of five hundred dollars a month, would buy a house for ten thousand dollars, pay five thousand in cash, which perhaps he had borrowed but perhaps had saved, and would mortgage the house for the balance, gambling that he would continue to draw his present salary, that this would steadily be increased as he grew older, and that therefore he would always be able to pay the interest on the mortgage. Then a Life Insurance agent would point out that the man might die, and that his wife might be unable either to pay the interest, or to pay off the mortgage, or to sell the house. So it became 'good business' to insure his life for ten thousand dollars at least, and to gamble again that he would continue to receive a salary large enough to pay both the interest on his mortgage and the premiums on his Life Insurance. Then bad times came (they always come); the man was laid off; ceased to draw any salary; could not pay the interest on his mortgage, and lost his house; could not pay the premium on his Life Insurance, and lost that. Buying on the instalment plan, from automobiles to fur coats, was simply an extension of the same system, all of it gambling, all of it a method of putting the future in pawn."

"Do you mean that you are opposed, then, to the capitalist system and to private ownership as such?" asked our Visitor.

"I certainly am not. On the contrary, no other system would be tolerable. To condemn a system because human nature has misused it, would be as childish

as to condemn religion because that has undergone a similar fate. What I am advocating is a return to more conservative and sane methods under that system. The world has become the victim of its desire, which was to 'get rich quick, with as little work against the grain as possible'. It was this desire which controlled almost every class of society, with the Labour Unions in the lead. I do not believe that real wealth is produced except as a result of very hard work and great self-denial,—that is, of sacrifice. Real wealth, even material wealth, is the product of moral forces acting upon physical things, and I include intelligence under moral forces for the excellent reason that the moral has no force without intelligence.

"Nor am I suggesting that bankers and brokers and 'Wall Street' in general, are less honest than other classes. They are at least as honest, and in many respects much more so than others, for in no section of the community can a man's word, about money, be accepted as readily in place of his bond. 'Wall Street' has come into existence—and its European equivalents—in response to the insistent demands of the rest of the country. If every broker on 'the Street' were suddenly to accept my thesis, and were foolish enough to infer that he should begin life all over again in some other occupation, the only result would be a new crop of brokers, inexperienced, unqualified, and less honest because devoid of background and tradition; and the new crop would spring up for exactly the same reason that a new crop of theatres or churches or newspapers or colleges or groceries would spring up, if any of these groups were to renounce their activities. The law of supply and demand is a reality, not a dream; and it is a real law because it is a spiritual law, inherent in the nature of things on all planes.

"With men like Hearst and Samuel Untermyer yelling abuse at their betters—Untermyer clamouring for the government ownership (which means control by politicians) of all railroad, telephone, gas, electric lighting and other utility companies—I am particularly anxious to emphasize the fact, which Theosophy makes so clear, that it is the people of a country, in the mass, who create the conditions of which they complain. Just as the circumstances of my life are absolutely of my own making; just as it would be folly and worse if I were to complain of the result, so is it true that a nation's financial institutions and methods reflect its commercial cravings, even as its churches reflect its religious cravings,—to use a very strong word, in that case, for what is usually a very feeble flutter. In other words, to condemn its bankers would be as unfair and as stupid as to condemn its clergy,—no matter what you may think of their collective wisdom."

"You must surely admit, however," our Visitor urged, "that if borrowing had been eliminated from business during the past fifty years, this country's progress would have been far slower than it has been."

"I admit it gladly", was the reply. "I admit with similar gladness that our population would have been much smaller, as, throughout that period, we should have been minus an immense number of low class immigrants, nearly all of whom came here in the hope of making money in a hurry. I admit that fortunes would be smaller, taxes lower, everything fewer; but beg to suggest that quality might be better. The plant that grows a yard in the night is not, as a rule, wholesome.

"Once more, to avoid misapprehension, I am not suggesting that it is wicked to borrow: that would be absurd. Nor am I suggesting that to carry on a business with borrowed money, even persistently, is wicked, but only that it is regrettable and unwise. I do not consider a Mohammedan with a harem, wicked, especially if his father had one before him. There are men of absolute integrity, both among borrowers and lenders. All I can say is that I should prefer to be neither the one nor the other. It is, unfortunately, nearly always easier to get into a situation than out of it,—as even your Mohammedan, at times, doubtless realizes also, while, in his case, it might well be cruel if he were to abandon his harem in mid career. After all, common sense must govern."

"So far as 'hoarding' is concerned", commented the Professor, "it is really the same situation as with food. It is the modern household's lazy and improvident habit to depend wholly on day-to-day buying in the city stores: to keep nothing in the house against emergencies. The result is that any interruption of traffic, delaying the flow of food to the city, becomes immediately a grave emergency. Everyone then requires food, and there is not enough to go round—or may not be enough. Anyone who *then* lays in a supply for the future and to stock his empty store rooms, is accused as a food hoarder,—because he is late in doing what he ought to have done long before. Had everyone steadily hoarded food, from the time it was plentiful, the interruption would have caused no crisis; and it is those who *have* hoarded, and whose needs in consequence can be met by their own resources, without drain upon the diminished common stock, who really save the situation.

"Is the connection clear", the Ancient now asked, "between the Philosopher's original question, and the Engineer's thesis, as I think he called it? It ought to be. 'Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.' Yet, thank heaven, there is always a way out, a way through, a chance to make a crooked path straight, whether in our own lives or in the world around us; and when all ways seem closed, the wisdom of Masters provides, the Everlasting Mercy guides, if only, learning the lessons of the past, ready to sacrifice *self*, we fight forward toward the best and noblest we can see."

T.

God is a good worker, but He loves to be helped.—Basque Proverb.

The Land Locked Lake, by Lt. Col. A. A. Hanbury-Sparrow; Arthur Barker, Ltd., London, 1932; price, *7s 6d.*

This is a book of the War, and one whose vivid, human appeal it would be hard to overstate, but which may have a special and deeper interest for the thoughtful student. Its author, scarce twenty-one when the War broke out, was then a subaltern in Great Britain's regular army, sent to France with the first expeditionary force, and for more than three years was almost constantly at the front with his regiment. A brief "Author's Note", taking the place of a Preface, sets forth its aim and vouches for its sincerity.

"This book is true in that it describes, faithfully I believe, what I saw and felt during the War. But that was inevitably based upon incomplete knowledge. Of set purpose I have tried to eliminate at every stage of the tale later information and maturer judgments. This method may cause pain to some, but it was unavoidable if I was to succeed in the task I had set myself. This was to unfold the War in so living a way, that the younger generation might succeed where we had failed; that they, seeing the War for what it truly was—an intense spiritual experience—might be inspired to link up its lessons to the needs of the Age, and to lead its land-locked waters to the parched river of life."

As a story, the book sweeps us on from adventure to adventure, but beneath and through them all is the author's search for his own soul. He has to face fear; and at first has nothing with which to front it but pride and duty. Then he learns to call upon his patriotism and the will to give and sacrifice himself. You "think you are doing it splendidly, and then crack! Fear has shot past your head and only the instant application of will can save the whole structure of conduct from utter collapse. Will to what? Bravery? No, the will to the self-sacrifice of not-self. For the life of man oscillates between the two poles of self and not-self. As the Greek philosopher long ago pointed out, all abstract qualities go in opposite pairs, beauty and ugliness, cleverness and stupidity, cowardice and foolhardiness: whatever you take, there is its opposite. Even so, man lives between the two poles of self and not-self, and free will consists in this—in steering his course between the two poles. Fear makes a man turn to the pole of self, self-sacrifice to the pole of not-self, nor is it till the man has attained the wisdom of seeing that fear is foolishness, and has acquired the power of acting up to his wisdom, that he can be called free. . . . The current

of fear deflects the moving coil that is you to the pole of self. In your fight against it you react to the pole of not-self, and whilst you are there you remain in an abnormal state of exaltation. Yet to whichever pole you swing, you are not free, for your action has been dictated by fear."

He learns, and teaches, the great lesson of the power of discipline—that the men must be made to feel, in every moment, their officer's supporting will, as a horse must feel its rider's. He shows, in incident after incident, how the presence or absence of this discipline makes the exact difference between victory or defeat,—so that it is literally true that no small part of the winning of a battle may lie in the insistence that buttons be kept polished.

Yet all that he learns—all the wisdom and gallantry and fortitude that he reaches for and makes his own, are not enough. Outwardly they keep him to the mark, but inwardly, through more than three long years of pounding, of wound following wound, they weaken and begin to fail him. In none of them can he feel that he has laid hold upon what he seeks and needs. He feels, recurrently, that he should be able to find it in religion; but of religion he has none at all—not even the instinct of prayer, so far as his pages enable us to judge. And there are none about him from whom he is able to gain what he himself has not. "Unfortunately, the chaplains could do little to contribute. For it was quite definitely 'bad form' to argue the fundamentals of religion with such men, lest you shook their belief. That was the situation in a nutshell. . . . The trenches aroused in men a very deep respect for the inmost life of the other fellow. And so the chaplains were let alone."

It is in this lies the tragedy of the book and of the author's long, heroic trial. The end of his soldiering is not made wholly clear, but enough is said to show that Passchendaele broke him. "When I got out again in April, I only lasted three months, as I simply couldn't stand it any longer." And in his book, too, he feels that he has failed. Almost at the end, he cries out his consciousness of this: "How utterly I have failed in this book to reproduce the fullness of the War. Perhaps the theme is too great for words. You older generation who stayed at home, you A. D. C. equivalents of my generation who stayed behind, you youngsters who stayed at school, let me tell you this! You know nothing of the War, you can't. It's utterly impossible you could. You can know nothing of the anguish and agony that the cream of the nation transmuted to Glory, and, in so doing, perished. You writers of sex-filled war books! Stick to your sex and leave the War alone. Its mysteries are not for such as you. Its Guardian lets none save the noble pass the threshold".

Why is there this sense of failure left upon author and reader alike? He teaches us the lesser mysteries, but the Greater elude his search. The anguish and the agony, yes, and we believe the nobility and the glory, too, he has known and shown us; but the resurrection life of the Spirit that can rise from the human life laid down, the ecstasy of self-giving to a love that is not of the world, that can grow strong on suffering and not be weakened by it,—this, which does not fail in the hour of need, and which the War opened to many simpler souls, he never found, and its radiance never lights his book. There-

fore the book, like the picture of the War which it presents, remains predominantly terrible, rather than uplifting and transforming. It is war seen from beneath, never from above.

To those who have loved and reverenced the England that was, it is not the least grievous of the signs of our times, that the spiritual world has become so hard of conscious access to the English genius: that even where they serve, they know not Whom they serve; and even where they contend against the wrong, they know no joy in the victory of Right. In the literature of the great War, it is easy to list book after book in French, which shows the War as it was to the higher, rather than the lower nature of man,—as it was to the soul consecrated in a true and whole-hearted devotion. The *Maximes sur la Guerre* by René Quinton, *Meditations dans la Tranchée* by Antoine Rédier, *Mes Cloîtres dans la Tempête* by Martial Lekeux, Maurice Barrès's *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de la France*, or Jacques d'Arnoux's *Paroles d'un Revenant*, may serve as examples, suggesting many others. But with what can they be matched in English? We think of Donald Hankey's *A Student in Arms*, and Austin Hopkins's *Religio Militis*, and a few others. But even these few are not of the same order, nor are they typical of more than themselves. M.

Crusade for the Anemone, by Princess Marthe Bibesco; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1932; price, $2.00.

This is not a book to be read in a hurry, or with a mind distracted by many things. Rather should it be chosen as a companion in solitude, for the reader will wish to have plenty of time to gather anemones with the author, in the fields of Palestine. The book is more a record of interior experience, than of manifold outer incident; it is the record of a mind and heart quick to penetrate outer semblances, thereby reaching the quiet places which lie behind all that is depressingly obvious and impermanent. For that reason it may be read with the deepest interest and sympathy by anyone who is at all drawn to a mystical interpretation of life, no matter what his religion, or to what denomination within that religion he may belong. Within the very small compass of this small volume there are five letters, some of them written to friends who are still living, others addressed to those who have passed through the valley of the shadow—letters tender, humorous, full of insight. The author, "to whom flowers are living words", tells us that the anemone belongs to the family of those spoken of as "the lilies of the field" which Solomon in all his glory could not rival, and that although she went to Palestine at a season of the year when this "flower of the wind" did not ordinarily blossom, nevertheless, just before she entered Jerusalem, a bouquet of them, thrown unexpectedly in at her carriage window by someone outside, was the first thing of all to greet her arrival. It proved to be a talisman, for by its means she could reconstruct the hallowed places of her dreams. She protests against the passion of the "devout" for the building of crude shrines; she wants to see the sacred spots over which these shrines now stand, once more open to the winds, the sun, the rain, as they were

of old. In this she will certainly have the sympathy of many if not most of her readers. She feels cramped and depressed in Jerusalem, because of the confusion caused by all these mediocre erections which to her are wholly inappropriate, so, with her imagination, she occupies herself "in destroying and then in rebuilding Jerusalem". And this is what she does wherever she goes: to Tiberias at twilight, to watch the night fall over the lake; to the ruins of Capernaum at dawn, where the wind from the sea blows memories of the past to her; to Nazareth, where the almond orchards in full bloom are a true and living shrine—those other, man-made shrines being lifeless. "All that is heaven and all that is earth draws me. All that men have built repels me. Here I seek only the living rock." As we close this very unusual and beautiful book, it is with the sense of soul refreshment which poetry always brings, for, like all poets, the author touches things which many of us cannot feel, and she sees things to which the eyes of too many of us are blind.

One wishes that Princess Bibesco knew something of Theosophy; it would undoubtedly be of great interest to her, and it would certainly explain many things—such, for instance, as when she writes of Jerusalem: "I was invaded by the overpowering feeling of having been here before." To the student of Theosophy this would not be surprising; he would, of course, believe that she *had* been there in some former life, and was merely remembering.

In many ways it is a pity to read *Crusade for the Anemone* in any but the original, the author being well known for the classic purity of her French, but the translator is to be congratulated on what he has accomplished; it must indeed have been a difficult task. T. D.

The Great Pyramid in Fact and in Theory, by William Kingsland; Rider & Co., London, 1932; price, 30*s*.

Any work which purports to throw light on the subject of the identity of the Great Pyramid (this should read, "the pyramids and many similar ancient relics") with the work of the Lodge in prehistoric times, is naturally of interest to readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. We are therefore attracted by such a title and preface, and search through the text expecting to find a substantial exposition or addition to the numerous publications already available.

Unfortunately, Mr. Kingsland's work fails to give what we are led to expect. In this book (a promised Part II is not at hand), he confines himself rigorously to commenting on the geometry and measurements of the Great Pyramid, and does that, over the shoulders of such men as Piazzi Smyth, Petrie, the Edgar brothers, and Davidson and Aldersmith. Pyramid investigation has reached the point where all investigators have discovered and proved the existence of relations between Pyramid chronology and measurements, and fragments of ancient wisdom—once esoteric, now breaking out into the "open". Pyramid research appears, indeed, to have exhausted the possibilities of deduction and inference that can be made from the data supplied by surveys. Chronologists and Biblical interpreters are now pushing their conclusions beyond the point

where such conclusions can be strongly fortified by the existing data; they indulge in conjectures, not always warranted by the facts; get themselves mired in suppositions that are founded on a basis which has been stretched beyond a solid foundation; detect unavoidable flaws in each other's work, and expose them. One may take the different theories of Pyramid investigation, hang them on the same peg, and watch them destroy each other till nothing tangible is left—save the conviction that once there was really something there which now has disappeared. Mr. Kingsland seems to have entered the field in such a spirit of criticism of his predecessors, and to have taken up the subject from that direction and in that attitude of mind, rather than by directly attacking the problem and using, instead of abusing, what others have done.

There are some outstanding flaws in his attitude which may possibly justify attention. He informs us that Davidson's and Aldersmith's work on the Pyramid is too mathematical and too technical to be popular. His own work is entirely of that kind, and in addition utterly lacks the thorough, complete and painstaking research evident in Davidson and Aldersmith. There is much which suggests that his mathematical and technical equipment is inadequate to his subject, and that he may thus be betrayed into misunderstanding and misrepresenting what he both borrows and criticizes. He shows that there is probably real justification for assuming that the ancient Egyptian cubit equals 20.612 British inches, but he fails to note that this is merely a reference scale for measurement, and does not alter in any way whatsoever the relative proportionality existing amongst the numerous significant measurements of the Pyramid.

He also tries to break down the argument by which several others have attempted to show that there is definite relation between certain base measurements of the Pyramid and the length of the year (365.242+days); but all the experts, Mr. Kingsland included, are here on very doubtful ground, since their statements are based upon the assumption that the lengths of the solar day and year are the same now as they were many thousands of years ago when the Pyramid was built! How do they know that such is the case? Astronomers do not know. The most the latter will say is that, so far as they can detect, the time periods are the same now as they were 1,000 or 2,000 years ago, and that is all. These are comparatively short periods against which to balance the facts known to the ancients, and to some moderns, that in very ancient times the contour of the continents was different, which caused different tidal effects, and that the inclination of the axis of the earth (the obliquity of the ecliptic) was very different, which also involved different tidal effects, as well as altering the seasons and the distribution of ice, changing the gravitational conditions and thus operating on the length of the day. All of this is yet to be proven by modern science and to be found in the historical and chronological measurements of the Pyramids.

Our author exhibits diagrams giving specific and numerous measurements. On comparing these with Davidson's and Aldersmith's, one is more struck with the similarities than with the differences. We wish that he might have begun

where the Edgar brothers and Davidson and Aldersmith left off, instead of simply picking trivial flaws in their work, without applying their thorough and comprehensive analysis. We have ourselves little fault to find with the work of the various persons criticized by Mr. Kingsland, but only with their attempts to apply exclusively the measurements related to ancient, long-running cycles, as recorded by the Pyramids, to modern current and World War events.

We do not know what Mr. Kingsland has in store for us in his second volume, but we feel sure that there already exists ample mathematical and geometrical data for identifying the Pyramid as being a great and important work, incorporating knowledge preserved in the Lodge,—provided more attention is given to Lodge records, now published, and less to minute differences in surveys and measurements. The Pyramidists think they are analyzing the Pyramid. They have that question upside down. It is the Pyramid, with its massive, silent, irresistible logic and involved ancient esotericism, which is forcing them constantly to re-orient their point of view, until they wake up to a realization of its symbology.

If you were to acquire a comprehensive interior visualization of occult, esoteric wisdom, and should attempt an objectivation, a materialization, you would necessarily find that you were able to express or expose only one aspect or phase of that unified conception along one particular line. Objectivation must always mean fragmentation. If, reversing this, you have at hand an exoteric phase of an esoteric generalization, you may have insuperable difficulty in tracing an investigation back from the particular to the general, and are liable to go off at a tangent; but if you can get "on top" of the question and look "down", there is no difficulty whatsoever in recognizing and identifying the particular for being what it is and where it belongs. The Pyramid investigators must eventually get "on top" of their problem, and look down and not up, and then they will achieve a comprehensive vision of that thing which is now, to them, an enigma. A. B. R.

The Orient in American Trancendentalism, A Study of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, by Arthur Christy, Ph. D.; Columbia University Press, New York, 1932; price, $4.00.

This fascinating volume of 382 pages continues the interesting pioneer work begun two years ago by Professor Carpenter's book, *Emerson and Asia* (see THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Vol. XXVIII, p. 202); and with changing tides of opinion and values, it ought to be of great influence in bearing people to a safe harbour. Just one hundred years ago, Emerson left America to seek fresh hope in new fields, for in 1832, at the age of 30, he appeared to be a failure, his health a wreck, his domestic peace a wreck (through his wife's death), and his life work as a clergyman also a wreck. Yet from that wreck of earth, Heaven constructed another great success, Emerson, with his Concord friends, becoming a god ("of tradition", alas!), honoured to-day by the lips of New Englanders

and others whose hearts and minds, unfortunately for them, are "far from him". When "sensual, avaricious America" rediscovers its sage, it will find him not an isolated and eccentric recluse but—thanks to Professor Carpenter's book and Dr. Christy's—a *prophet* who brought to the crude, ignorant Western world the ripened wisdom of the ancient, civilized East.

Born and bred in the East, Dr. Christy handles his subject with unusual sympathy and understanding, in a book that is not academic sawdust but is really vital. Recognizing that the Concord approach toward the Orient "was not that of the theologian, metaphysician, or specialist in comparative religions", but that "of the poet and mystic", he has centred his own attention upon the literary and mystical results of Oriental Wisdom that flowered in Concord. A single passage will reveal the difference between Dr. Christy's vital understanding and the sterile misunderstanding of the East that is too often found. Thus, on page 19, he writes: "As has already been intimated, philosophy in ancient India was not developed among the priests. Indeed, Hindu philosophy in no way abetted the cause of the priests. . . . It was through others than members of the Brahman priestly caste, even through the Kshatriyas" [the warrior caste] "and through sceptics and unbelievers, obnoxious fellows to the priesthood . . . that India continued to probe for Reality."

This book is the product of painstaking effort. Among other labours of love, the author examined the librarian's records at Harvard for the purpose of learning what books Emerson had used in his student days; that investigation proves that from his 19th year Emerson was occupied with Eastern Scriptures.

Sympathy and understanding mark Dr. Christy's book (though one will differ from many of his interpretations), and also courage. To maintain his own opinions and conclusions, he has had to go counter, at times, to those of his elders and his superior officers, Drs. Canby and Erskine, Professors Van Doren and P. E. More. Whenever placed in so unenviable a position, he has acted with true courage, and, therefore, with modesty.

The last paragraph of Dr. Christy's "Conclusion" will show what a "find" this doctoral dissertation is for religiously minded readers: "The mystery of the attributes of God it is not for us to solve. Our province is here not to question the wisdom and method of His governance of the Universe, or the conclusions at which the Concord men arrived. It is enough for us to realize and in finality restate the chief reason why Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott turned Eastward, a gesture which brought all the consequences we have studied. They could not live with an absentee God, and they were of Sankara's temper, Sankara, that great sage of ancient India, who on his deathbed prayed that he might be forgiven for having frequented temples, since by doing so he had seemed to deny the omnipresence of God. All that the Concordians thought and did was consequent to this fact. We may be assured that when this is the temper of the best minds of the East and West, the twain do meet in the sympathies of the mystical bond, which is universal." PH. D.

An Idealist View of Life, the Hibbert Lectures for 1929, by S. Radhakrishnan; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, $4.00.

It is Dr. Radhakrishnan's thesis, that the world is in dire need of a new revelation of spiritual truth. He does not mean that this revelation should be new in the sense of being different from the wisdom of the ancients; but that it should be based upon a re-discovery of the Divinity above and within the order of Nature. *An Idealist View of Life* is a confession of faith in the ability of modern man to find God as He was found by the sages and mystics of other ages. Men like Gautama and Jesus could speak with certitude of the spiritual world, because they actually lived in it and saw its denizens face to face. So, to-day, one can gain a direct knowledge of the Divine through the diligent cultivation of the inner faculties which we possess but so seldom use. As Dr. Radhakrishnan points out, the actual crisis in religion is due less to the attacks of its enemies, than to the lack of real experience and understanding among its defenders. It is no wonder that men are everywhere seeking some substitute for religion—such as communism, for instance—if the so-called representatives of religion have not proved for themselves the creed which they profess.

Dr. Radhakrishnan is an authority on Indian metaphysics, and his own thought reveals the paramount influence of the Vedanta. Very fortunately, he does not suggest any particular form of "yoga practice" as a quick and easy way to mystical experience. Moreover, he is a man of broad culture and with cosmopolitan sympathies, and he does not claim for the Hindu mind a monopoly of wisdom. It is part of his purpose to show that the truths of the Vedas have been independently discovered by saints and philosophers in the West. The Rishis, he says, "are not so much the authors of the truths recorded in the Vedas as the seers who were able to discern the eternal truths by raising their life spirit to the plane of the universal spirit" (p. 89); but as he makes clear, a Rishi may be born anywhere.

The following is typical of his general point of view:

"The Western mind lays great stress on science, logic and humanism. Hindu thinkers as a class hold with great conviction that we possess a power more interior than intellect by which we become aware of the real in its intimate individuality, and not merely in its superficial or discernible aspects. For the Hindus a system of philosophy is an insight, a *darsana*. It is the vision of truth and not a matter of logical argument and proof. They believe that the mind can be freed by gradual training from the influences of speculative intellect as well as past impressions, and that it can unite itself with the object whose nature is then fully manifested. . . . Intuitive insight is identical with freedom. 'Whoever knows "I am Brahman" becomes this all.' 'He who knows that supreme Brahman becomes that Brahman itself.' We cannot know Brahman fully and truly unless we partake of its essence, become one with it. . . . Brahman, which symbolizes the absolute reality, means also holy knowledge, intuitive wisdom. Intuitive wisdom becomes personified as the first principle of the universe. He who knows it knows the essence of the cosmos. . . . The

general tendency of Hindu and Buddhist thought is to take hold of the aspiration of the human soul after a higher life, and treat this fact as the key to the interpretation of the universe" (pp. 127-129).

The student of Theosophy will find much valuable material in these pages. Dr. Radhakrishnan deserves recognition and respect for his erudition and lucidity, for his discernment of what is of universal significance in the Indian scriptures, for his understanding of the profound analogies between the religions of the Orient and the religion of Christ. Above all, one is grateful for his illustration of a tolerant spirit. It is unfortunate that his tolerance is not sufficiently large to embrace Theosophy which he includes among other "crude and amazing cults" (p. 52). Possibly his excuse is that he has only heard of Theosophy in connection with the travesty of it which has had so much publicity in India. In any case, we can assure him that Theosophy is not a cult, much less a crude and amazing one.

It is really tragic that a book with so many excellent qualities should be marred by a few passages which reveal, in our opinion, a complete misunderstanding of the character of the spiritual man. For example, he says: "No man on earth has ever maintained spiritual poise all through his life. The Jesus who declared that men must not resist evil if they are to become the sons of the Father who makes his sun shine upon good men and bad, . . . was the same Jesus who cursed the fig-tree and drove the tradesmen from the temple" (pp. 113-114). In other words, while Jesus did not resist his personal enemies, he did not hesitate to declare war against his Father's enemies. What is the paradox? We wonder what Dr. Radhakrishnan has to say concerning the similar martial proclivities of the Avatars of Vishnu, Rama and Krishna. This pacifist view of spirituality is not that of the Rishis; it reminds one painfully of Gandhi and his *swaraj*. One ventures to suggest that it is not the least of the causes of India's present degradation.

How did this pacifism come into being? Perhaps, the long supremacy of the priestly Brahmans has much to do with it. In any event, it is closely associated with the cult of "inaction" which is so vigorously condemned by the *Bhagavad Gîta* (Chapter III). Also it has flourished in conjunction with a delusion, prevalent for many centuries in India, that it is possible to leap to the Absolute in one bound. Nothing is quite so futile as to try to behave like the Absolute, before we have learned to behave like men. S. L.

The Buddha and the Christ: An Exploration of the Meaning and of the Purpose of Human Life; the Bampton Lectures of 1932; by Canon Burnett Hillman Streeter; The Macmillan Company, 1933; price, $2.50.

The primary value of this volume lies in the fact that a man of the eminence of Canon Streeter in the Anglican Church should actually have been commissioned to deliver the Bampton lecture on such a topic. An avowed student since 1913 of "Comparative Religion", Canon Streeter, on his appointment as Bampton lecturer, made a special and extended tour of Japanese religious and

university centres, discussing Buddhism with the heads of various Buddhist sects, studying their scriptures, witnessing the life lived by differing types of adherents to Buddhism, lecturing to learned Buddhist audiences as a Christian apologist, and receiving their return criticism in friendly controversy. This special study followed an equally intense survey of the most recent scientific theories of life, its meaning and purpose, as popularized by Jeans, Eddington, Einstein, Balfour, Thomson and others,—a study which bore fruit in a recent volume, *Reality*, which attempted to show that "Science and Religion are two parallel avenues to a knowledge of Ultimate Reality". As a result of this earlier volume, Canon Streeter tells us he realized that "Religion" could not safely be limited to Christianity; so he had undertaken an investigation of the other great world religion, Buddhism.

This volume, therefore, explores the meaning and purpose of human life in three comprehensive sets of terms,—Christian, Buddhist, and modern scientific. To the student of Theosophy, the outcome is a very curious book. The same ground has been covered in our literature, time and again. The problems raised are familiar. As one reads, one is met with a tolerant spirit, sympathy, occasional humour, strong convictions temperately expressed, and much condensed thinking. The manifest effort throughout has been to seek out the truth, and the method of approach has been in large measure the Theosophic Method. But the net impression is singularly weak and inconclusive. One's interest in such themes as the meaning of Pain, or of Immortality, is aroused only to be left suspended between the various solutions offered. The Christian, and even the scientific position, are presented with more cogency than the Buddhist, as might perhaps be expected; but one also feels that the author's fear of indulging a Christian bias has robbed him of decisiveness. Moreover, exoteric, philosophic Buddhism no more represents the whole teaching of the Buddha than Christian theology to-day represents the heart and mystery of Christ's teaching and example. Of the latter, Canon Streeter appears to have at least intuitive recognition; of an esoteric Buddhism, none at all. As one reads, one misses the illuminating insight of Mr. Johnston's many expositions of Buddhism, based on the teaching of Madame Blavatsky, to which readers of the QUARTERLY have become accustomed. The conviction grows that no true synthesis, no "Exploration of the Meaning of the Universe and of the Purpose of Human Life" can be successful without a grasp of certain fundamental principles—principles which *are* Theosophy. For example, Canon Streeter's criticisms and rejection of what he conceives to be the Buddhist teaching of Karma and Reincarnation, and of Nirvana, hardly seem pertinent to what students of Theosophy understand by those terms—so wide are they of the mark. Similarly, Gnostic elements in Christianity are dismissed on the assumption that everyone agrees now-a-days that they are worthless philosophically. Again, he suggests that Plato was too great an artist to commit himself specifically about after-death survival, and so cast his ideas avowedly in a "myth"; and that Christ, likewise, repeatedly used the purely poetic image of a "Messianic Feast" to characterize life in the next world. In effect, therefore, we are to suppose that

however great the religious or philosophical teacher, nobody really *could*, or in any case *has*, told us more about the mysteries of life than a highly educated and conscientious University don can discover by diligent reading and thought to-day. What does not meet with modern intellectual approval, is rejected, even though a Gautama or a Jesus taught it.

As a result of this attitude, the net impression of the book is unfortunate. The best that Canon Streeter has to offer us in the way of a constructive suggestion is borrowed from Chinese and Japanese canons of art: "The primary aim of art is not realistically correct representation but the communication of a spiritual apprehension" (p. 299). Buddha and Christ being great artists, lead us towards, communicate to us, a new "spiritual apprehension". Science definitely fails us here, and, "To understand Reality these [art, poetry, music] must be studied alongside of science" (p. 298). So far so good; but when Canon Streeter tells us that supreme achievement in an art "in the last resort is a matter of *flair*," and that "the same thing holds in the matter of morals" (p. 240),—we wonder whether "the Purpose of Human Life" is to produce men with a *flair* for morals, or whether he realizes the implications of such a thesis propounded in these Freudian days.

The book as a whole may be regarded as a splendid advance over anything similar produced by the generation which called forth H. P. B.'s Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is significant to find the Bampton Trustees inviting a lecturer, not merely to compare Buddhism and Christianity, with whatever light science may throw added, but to do this looking specifically towards a better restatement, or solution, of life's meaning and purpose, and to have found a Canon of the Church of England eager to undertake the task. But the very effort is foredoomed to inadequacy until such time as theologians as well as scientists open their minds to the existence of the Wisdom Religion, and bend their energies to the assimilation of its profound truths. Q.

The Other Spanish Christ, by John A. Mackay; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, $2.50.

Most North Americans are inclined to forget entirely the whole continent of South America. Dr. Mackay's book will not only make them aware of its intense life and enormous possibilities, but will arouse in them questionings as to their own problems and preoccupations. It is a most interesting work, full of information and ideas, and written with a profound religious understanding and broad tolerance.

Dr. Mackay first discusses the Spanish character and the religious ideas peculiar to the Iberian temperament. He then takes up the history of these ideas in the Latin American countries south of the Isthmus of Panama, leaving aside Mexico because its religious history and anti-clerical struggles require a volume to themselves.

The Iberian temperament will always be a fascinating study, and to those

who love it, a source of pride and sadness and of a hope that its great potentialities may some day develop into a purified power. The history of the Conquest is full of extraordinary paradoxes and contrasts. The Conquistadores managed to combine blind religious dogmatism with an unbounded lust for gold and ruthless cruelty. The banner of Spain still bears the colours of blood and gold, *sangre y oro*. Yet, along with them went men with a spirit of heroic charity and self-immolation. Pizarro and Las Casas!

Ricardo Rojas, in *El Cristo Invisible*, says that only in the sixteenth century did the fourth of the Magi reach Bethlehem. Dr. Mackay remarks, "The copper-coloured king came to Bethlehem, but it would seem as if, unlike the three visitors from the East, it was the Virgin Mother who impressed him most. At least he adopted the 'young child and his mother', and adapted him to his primitive pagan taste." He continues farther on: "But however much overshadowed by His Mother, Christ, too, came to America. Journeying from Bethlehem and Calvary, He passed through Africa and Spain on His long westward journey to the pampas and cordilleras. And yet, was it really He who came or another religious figure with His name and some of His marks? Methinks the Christ, as He sojourned westward, went to prison in Spain, while another who took His name embarked with the Spanish crusaders for the New World, a Christ who was not born in Bethlehem but in North Africa. This Christ became naturalized in the Iberian colonies of America, while Mary's Son and Lord has been little else than a stranger and sojourner in these lands from Columbus's day to this."

And what is the nature of this Christ "born in Tangiers"? He is either an infant in arms whom one can patronize, or he is dead.

"In Spanish religion Christ has been the centre of a cult of death. And yet, paradoxically enough, it was the passion for fleshly life and immortality that created this interest in death. The dead Christ is an expiatory victim. The details of His earthly life are of slight importance and make relatively small appeal. He is regarded as a purely supernatural being, whose humanity, being only apparent, has little ethical bearing upon ours. This docetic Christ died as the victim of human hate, and in order to bestow immortality, that is to say, a continuation of the present earthly, fleshly existence. The contemplation of His passion produces a sort of catharsis, as Aristotle would say, in the soul of the worshipper, just as in the bull-fight, an analogous creation of the Spanish spirit, the Spaniard sees and feels death in all its dread reality in the fate of a victim. The total sensation intensifies his sense of the reality and terribleness of death; it increases his passion for life, and, in the religious realm, makes him cling desperately and tragically to the dead Victim that died to give him immortality.

"The Spanish religious passion for life has not, however, aimed at life in the qualitative Johannine sense; it has been a craving not for regeneration, but for immortality, for 'total immortality in its vilest and sublimest meaning'. Its supreme dread has thus been death not sin."

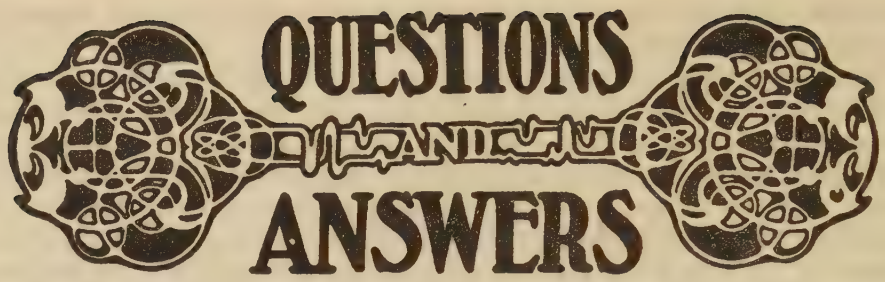
He quotes a tragic and terrible passage from Miguel de Unamuno describing

the Dead Christ of Palencia, which ends with the cry, "And Thou, Christ of Heaven, redeem us from the Christ of earth".

For there is "The Other Spanish Christ", the Christ of the great Spanish mystics, the Christ upon the Cross of Velasquez. He is the Living Christ. "Henceforth the love of Christ will be the compelling motive of his life and not the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, either in this life or in the life to come. Religion is here a quality of life and not the simple prolongation of existence. It is the passionate response of love and not a sordid appeal for things. . . . Christ is for him our Life, our new, eternal life. He does not immortalize life as it is, but transforms it into what life should be. The evidence, moreover, that we shall never die is not that we believe in our immortality but that we love."

Dr. Mackay proceeds to find the influences of this Other Spanish Christ, first in Spain and then in Latin America. Unfortunately, the Monarchy in Spain was too bound up with the church, and sincerely religious people have been unable to dissociate the principle of kingship from the abuses of the curia. Dr. Mackay is one of them. His rejoicings over the new-born Republic strike one with consternation, and they are doomed, we fancy, to fade out before the reality if it be viewed without sentimentality. His chapters on new spiritual currents in South America are intensely interesting. He describes these movements, Catholic, Protestant or social, with great detachment and impartiality. Among these movements he discusses the influence of "Theosophy". Unfortunately, Dr. Mackay knows nothing of the real Theosophy but judges it, as does Count Keyserling, whom he quotes at great length, by its travesty at Adyar. He seems to derive his information about Madame Blavatsky from a book by Dr. J. N. Farquhar where she is described as "unsavoury" and an impostor. When we see him place reliance upon such a source without real investigation of the facts, we become doubtful of the correctness of his other statements. Judging, however, by his evident desire to be impartial and charitable, we feel that Dr. Mackay would be willing to be corrected in this instance. Apart from these points on which we must disagree with him absolutely, his book is profoundly interesting and suggestive. We cannot but wish that Dr. Mackay might become aware that it is in Theosophy that the teaching of a Living Christ, of Living Masters, is to be found. ST. C. LAD.

One purpose of reading is to make us keenly aware of what had been dim perceptions.—COMMONPLACE BOOK.



QUESTION NO. 377.—*The Theosophist believes that there is no such thing as chance, and that all happenings are dictated by some need of the soul. How can this be expressed in the case of the sorrow of another without seeming detached and unsympathetic?*

ANSWER.—There are many kinds and degrees of sympathy, as many kinds, perhaps, as there are people; for the power to give true sympathy, and equally, it may be added, the ability and will to receive it, are without limit. The need of every soul is different; the expression of our sympathy for the troubles of a child (whether that child be five years old or fifty) would not be the same as when we were wishing to share the sorrows of a grown man or woman. True sympathy, however, does not lie in the outer expression, but in the *inner understanding* of that which is at the root of the sorrow of another—whether that understanding be flattering to the sufferer's lower nature, or the reverse, for, in the last analysis, our sufferings are too often wholly self-made. Therefore, in the profoundest sense, such sympathy is a matter of the heart. During some sorrow of our own, we must all have recognized the difference between a friend who sincerely and with genuine kindliness says, and perhaps mistakenly does a great deal, and one who says almost nothing, and who seems to do little, but who, as we know in every part of us, *really* understands, and upon whose love and loyalty we know we can depend to the death. When a friend has *this* kind of sympathy, it is a *living thing*, and we sense it as we do all really living things, knowing that however great the detachment may appear, however outwardly remote our friend may seem, soul is speaking to soul. But for this silent, formless sympathy to do its work, it must be truly alive.

So it is usually our own fault, and due entirely to our own limitations, if we convey the impression that we are "detached" in the cruder sense, or unsympathetic toward the sorrow of another.

T. A.

ANSWER.—Why should we appear detached and unsympathetic? We must take people as we find them, speak to their needs on the plane on which they are. On that plane, their sorrow is real to them, and our hearts may, perhaps, instinctively go out to them in sympathy, especially if by chance we are able ourselves to see something of the probable purpose and meaning of their sorrow, and realize that they do not. We win them, we draw them, through our sympathy, which, being real, enables us, perhaps, to say at the time some simple thing in their own terms, arresting their attention, and affording something of consolation or hope which they can grasp at the point at which they are. If they are left with a feeling of sympathetic understanding on our part, the way may be clear for us *later* to impart gradually to them something of a real comprehension of what has happened, and of the reasons for it; but we must reach them, gradually, through sympathy. There is nothing whatever to be gained by telling some one plunged in grief that everything is all right really, and explaining just why, and all about it: quite the contrary.

C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 378.—*We are told that matter as we know it is not matter, but merely a reflection, real matter being invisible to us. I do not understand.*

ANSWER.—The Ancient Wisdom tells us that the visible universe is embodied consciousness,

a reflection of Reality. The Ancient Wisdom also tells us, however, that "matter", or its equivalent, exists on every plane of manifestation, growing denser and farther away from Reality as it descends in the scale of life, but that the "eyes" with which to "see" it, must also exist on every plane. Every student of Theosophy knows that man, a small universe in himself, is composed of seven principles or "sheaths"; that the *real* is not the physical man with whom he may daily converse; that, on the contrary, his *real* friend is the invisible soul, the spirit living within the outer, visible vehicle. He cannot see in actual form or substance the soul or spirit of his friend, but he may see these reflected in the face of his friend when he smiles, or hear them in his friend's spoken thoughts. And after all, how much there is, even on the purely physical plane, that we cannot see, yet which we know is there. We see a "solid" stone, but we cannot see unassisted, the infinitesimally fine, whirling particles—the molecules and atoms—of which it is composed. We watch a small rainbow move slowly across our wall, and we know that it is there because a shaft of light is falling on the bevelled edge of our mirror on the other side of the room, and that the rainbow moves along its tiny course because the earth is revolving around the sun, and the sun itself is moving onward in its eternal ways; but can we actually *see* the sun and the earth moving, or the particles as they are split up in that ray of light, save in the *result*—the little rainbow?

"Eyesight" on all planes must not only be developed but also perfected. We could not actually see a Master with our ordinary eyesight, unless he were manifesting on the physical plane, yet some stirring of our inner senses (a dawning inner sight—embryonic sight on a higher plane) might convince us that that Master was close at hand. In *Light on the Path* we are told that an Adept might live in the same house with us without our recognizing him for what he was—an Adept. Our outer eyes would see the physical man, the vehicle; it would need inner eyes to see and recognize the Adept. So it is with "matter". What we now see is the vehicle, the reflection of the Reality within; when we begin to develop inner eyesight, we shall begin to perceive something more akin to real "matter". T. A.

ANSWER.—The querent's difficulty in understanding is at least reasonable, because it would seem as if the whole of manifestation were directed to the end of enabling us finally to understand just this truth. It must, therefore, be both difficult to learn, because, so to speak, it requires such an outlay, and also immensely worth while. A series of essays in the October, 1929, QUARTERLY under the title "Why I believe this to be a Shadow World", offered six pertinent attempts to answer it. A generation or two ago, physicists defined "matter" in terms of the primitive stuff we contact in everyday life; but the logic of their own experiments with earth, stone and metal, brought them to realize that these things were but tangible and sensible semblances of inner, mobile forces. Change the force, and you changed the semblance, or the "matter". With the earlier limitations of their instruments for experimentation refined almost beyond belief, the modern physicists still cannot penetrate behind the veil of matter, or within its refined forms to the essence that lies behind its outer expression. We are told that only a trained occultist can see the "real matter"—the substratum or essence that lies behind so many manifested forms. And such a trained occultist seems to indicate to us that *all* matter, including "real" matter, is but a passing form in the periodic manifestation of spirit, which disappears during Pralaya. Wherever one begins, therefore, in the scale or hierarchy of evolution —with stones, or thought-substance, or what not—that plane is but a reflection of something higher. Contemplation, or experience, of the Universe itself, moreover, forces us back and back, until we reach "God, who is our home". Q.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 29th, 1933, beginning at 10: 30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10: 30 a. m. and 2: 30 p. m.

6. On Sunday, April 30th, at 4: 30 p. m., tea will be served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 21st, 1933.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

April 8th and 22nd.

Meetings after Convention to be announced later.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.